Cruise of the Small Craft - Tug-A-Lug Launched messing about in

BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 11

October 15, 1997





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In Our Next Issue...

Charlie Ballou was on hand when "The Matthew Arrives in the New World"; Tony Davis sends photo coverage of his "Arey's Pond Catboat Regatta" and the IYRS tells us about "IYRS Family Day".

Jim Thayer's back, this time on "A Mexican Mission"; Tom Simmons tells about his "November Cruise to Angle Island"; Al Levine sends details about "My Shorewatch Holiday", and yes, I may yet get into "Paddling an Hawaiian Outrigger Canoe".

Sam Overman pursues his investigations into using rigid plastic foam in "Foamboat Construction"; and Bob Harrington tells about "Saving a Straetfli".

Robb White reveals how his local islanders get around in "The Motor Whaleboats of Dog Island"; and Richard Carson discusses "Bent Boats". Phil Bolger expects to launch another round of original design concepts for winter.

Platt Monfort's found a unique product which he reveals to us in "Hollowood"; and Jacob Heinrichs comprehensively tells us about "Correcting for Tides" with math to spare.

On the Cover...

Rowing happily along on San Francisco Bay are three participants in the San Francisco National Maritime Park's week long small boat cruise. In background is mother ship *Alma*.

Commentary...

I have not spent any time in the past couple of years on any of the boat restoration projects I have kept around. I see several of them almost daily in my travels around the place doing other things, and thoughts of tackling one or another fleetingly transit my mind before I move on. Maybe this winter...

I haven't even been out on the water in my own boat (sea kayak) much this year, just three times. This could be viewed as awful were it a circumstance forced upon me, but it's of my own doing. I got caught up in riding mountain bicycles off road and the level of physical effort this requires has substantially enhanced my fitness and feeling of well being. I ride for fun, not exercise, but the exercise comes with it. And to date I've been out on 27 rides so that's where my on-the-water time has gone.

This is not a permanent shift in my focus, it has not detracted from my interest in messing about in boats. It has just sort of shoved it all to one side as pursuit of a quasiathletic activity, which I often share with my 41 year old son, just pleases me a whole lot and I like the way it has put a spring into my step. I know I have only a few years left in which to indulge in such antics so I'd better do it now while I still can.

My rationale is that when I become too enfeebled to ride the bike anymore as agressively or as often, I can always back off to the boat shop and return to the projects patiently waiting for me. Then I can take on the role of that old boatbuilder guy in his barn tinkering to his heart's content. I do like the tinkering part of messing about in boats.

This all came to mind today as I write this (September 10th for this October 15th issue going to the printer this afternoon), because I had a call inquiring if my 1941 Chris Craft 17' speedboat was on the market. I responded that it was in a way. I'm not actively trying to sell it but if somebody really wanted it I think I'd let it go. It's one of my former loves, now faded somewhat in appeal. I bought it in 1984 when I was caught up in the allure of dashing o'er the lakes in mahogany splendor with that lovely deep throated inboard exhaust rumble serenading all within earshot.

I found many of my bygone boat projects on the pages of an eastern Massachusetts weekly classified magazine, The Want Advertiser. This is a dreambook if ever there was one, scanning the ads for something affordable and interesting is in itself an adventure. I still do it. Following up with a visit to see the dreamboat discovered added to the fun. Buying it became that first of one's happiest two days in boating, the day one bought the boat. I found the Chris Craft on its pages and drove the 50 miles to see it. The young man had married, was building his new house and the boat project had to go. The price was right (sacrifice?) and so it did, to me.

It had no engine so another search resulted in acquiring a correct six cylinder Chris Craft flathead from a runabout restorer on Lake Winnepesaukee. It had been removed from a runabout during a modern repowering. I still recall how the man seemed a bit troubled that I had his ad with his asking price in hand, like now that a live one is here, he shoulda asked more. But I paid his original low price and brought the engine home to join the rest of the Chris Craft. Much of the chrome hardware was in hand, missing were some key things like the correct split windshield and a steering wheel.

I scouted up parts sources and got original papers from Chris Craft. I began to refasten the hull and got mahogany boards planed to the correct thickness to replace the badly weathered deck. Then life overtook the project and for about a dozen years now the Chris Craft has slumbered under cover in dry storage in a corner of my boat shed extension. Racks have been installed over it to hold my sea kayaks, the engine sits on a cradle in the back room of the barn. I had "put it away in the attic' in a manner of speaking.

Now someone actually wants to look into it as a project. Unrestored Chris Craft runabouts are getting thin on the ground so I now have something growing increasingly rare. Procrastination is beginning to pay off. Since it needs a lot of work I'm not asking a lot for it so someone who really wants it as badly as I once did can do okay.

But now the question arises from the dimming recesses of my mind, "Do I really want to sell it? I don't need the money invested in it, that's long since been written off. And maybe, as I started out talking about in this commentary, I might someday be retired back into the shop as a geezer boatbuilder, no longer out on the trails as a geezer biker. Would I wish then that I had hung onto this project?

Perhaps nothing will happen. I've had a couple of other wannabee owners of this boat come by in bygone years, obviously hoping to find something in need of a little varnishing for the price I was asking at the time. I note with amusement when I am selling off any of my collection how these guys seem to view their offers as doing me a favor somehow, taking the old derelict off my hands. Like I needed the money for the next mortgage payment.

Yes, the Chris Craft may stay on, like an old relative, biding its time until maybe someday I'll peel off the dusty blue tarp and ponder with renewed enthusiasm making this boat a beauty once again. Ah, the vision now arises: Old Gramp cruising a New Hampshire lake with the grandchildren, already young adults. Or even taking my middle aged kids out for a ride. It surely would be a possibility long after the off road bicycle got "put away in the attic".



Small Boat SAFETY

It Could Have Been Serious

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

We were almost five hours into a very routine patrol when we had the first indication of a problem. The Coast Guard 21-foot rigid hull inflatable passed us at a rate of knots, blue light flashing. Somebody, somewhere, needed assistance. The C.G. boat went to "secure" on its radio, which means that we could only hear static, but it was no surprise when the station called us some 15 minutes later. "Auxiliary 551, proceed to Carolina Beach Wildlife Ramp and rendezvous with the Carolina Beach police boat."

551 can move when she has to. Our normal patrol speed is 2,000 rpm, roughly 6.5 knots. "Coming up!" I said to my crew and went to 4,800 rpm, a speed we maintained for the next 25 minutes, save when we slowed to pass fishermen and give them minimum wake. We had no idea of the nature of the difficulty until we arrived on scene, since all radio transmissions were on "secure." All we knew was that we were a Coast Guard resource and we were wanted.

When we arrived and made our rendezvous, both the Coasties and the Carolina Beach police boat crew were looking surprisingly relaxed. What had happened was this. A woman fishing on the bank had seen what she thought "could be" a child in the water and had called 911. Quite properly, the Carolina Beach Police Department sent a boat and called the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard called us. By the time we arrived, the search had been underway for approximately 45 minutes and the local police were convinced that what the woman has seen was not a child but a sea turtle.

"How in the world can anyone confuse a sea turtle with a child in the water?" I wondered. Fifteen minute later I had my answer when a turtle surfaced, briefly, some 20 yards off our port bow. The dark head breaking water and the light colored flippers swimming did, indeed, look amazingly like a small human.

In the almost 60 minutes since the 911 call the police had checked with all area fishermen, picnicking families, and local boaters. Happily, there was no report of a missing child. The "sea turtle theory" looked ever more likely, but just to make sure the three boats, police, Coast Guard, and Auxiliary continued to run search patterns for another half hour.

Three points. First, the woman was absolutely right to report even a possible sighting of a person in the water, especially in an area with strong tidal currents. Second, the response by police, Coast Guard and Auxiliary was proper and appropriate. Third, none of the people involved in the "search" were unhappy about being called out in 92 degree weather on what turned out to be a false alarm. All concerned were pleased (and relieved) that it was a false alarm. All concerned agreed that the time, manpower, and fuel was well expended.

I can't speak for the professionals, but I know that my crew and I felt a degree of satisfaction that we were able to be of assistance. After all, that's why we were on patrol in the first place.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell



The Two Pirates As Told By Sandy Paton

Two pirate captains met in Port Royal, Jamaica, after not seeing each other for several years. After greeting each other heartily, one said to the other, "You look prosperous, but you also look like you've been through a lot, a wooden leg, a hook hand, missing an eye, how'd it happen?"

"Well, it was all by accident. First, we were chasing a Spanish merchant ship. They set up a brass three pounder as a stern chaser. We laughed. After all, we knew it didn't have the range to reach us or the weight to do any damage. Then they fired. The ball hit the water about four cables short of us and then began skipping from wave to wave while we looked on in amazement until it came aboard

and clipped off my leg, nice and neat.

"A few months later, we were after a Dutchman. I had gotten used to my new leg and was doing well. We came up alongside, grappled them and were just about to board. My hand was on the rail and I was ready to swing over when they surrendered. My mate swung his cutlass up and cheered, and there went my hand over the side.

"A few weeks later, I was checking the trim of the sails when a seagull flew over and shat in my eye."

"Wait a moment, seagull crap wouldn't cause you to lose your eye."

"Well, it was the day after the hook was fitted, and I wasn't used to it."

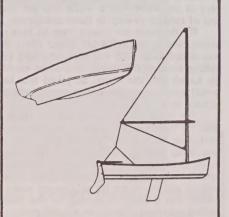
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Your Activities...

Wooden Boat Exhibit

Our Harbor Historical Association will be hosting its 8th Annual Wooden Boat Exhibit on October 18th on the waterfront, boardwalk and in the historic downtown of Georgetown, South Carolina. We estimate 60-70 classic wooden boats will be displayed.

Our long range goal is the establishment of a Maritime Museum in George-

town

Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown, P.O. Box 1517, Georgetown, SC 29442, (803) 527-3229.

Your Experiences...

Ocean Phosphorescence

I recently experienced the phosphorescence of the ocean for the first time. The occasion was a casual evening cruise in Rhode Island's Mt. Hope Bay in late August. Our two boat fleet consisted of a sea kayak solo paddled by Bob Kramer and a tandem forward facing rowing canoe powered by Elizabeth Faulkner and myself.

Elizabeth and I launched the canoe on a beach at the mouth of the Kickemuit River. The tide was running out pretty fast and that, combined with an unusual evening breeze, made some foot high waves in the outgoing current stream. Elizabeth and I took this opportunity to play in the waves for a while and get the feel of tandem rowing in these conditions.

By the time we rowed over to Bob's house, which overlooks Mt. Hope Bay, it was almost dusk. Bob had been watching us cutting through the waves, and as he eased his kayak into the water, he joked that he would have to tune his engine up to be able

to keep up with us.

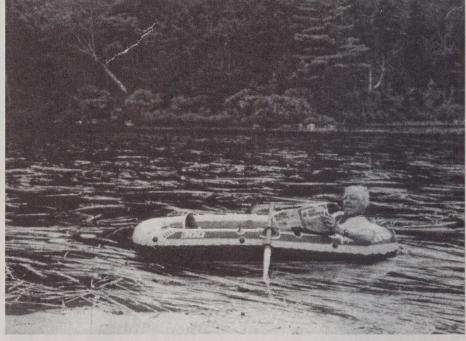
We headed south, hugging the shoreline in fairly calm water, as darkness settled in. Most of the time Elizabeth and I took turns rowing, which is the easiest way to do it at the slower sea kayak cruising speed. The coast is rocky along this section and twice we hit submerged rocks, which was a little unnerving as the boat shifted sideways silently as we slid past.

After about an hour we turned around and headed back. About halfway back I was surprised to see the water brightly lit up around the oar blades. The others had seen this phenomenon before but this was the first time I had ever seen it from a small human powered boat. As near as I could tell, the phosphorescence occurred at the pressure points or turbulence caused by the oar blades. The harder I stroked, the more brilliantly it lit up. Splashing with the blades or our hands would not make it light up, nor did the wakes of the boats. I wondered if it was the vortices that were glowing?

I found it magical and fascinating and it really made the evening cruise seem spe-

cial.

Ron Rantilla, Warren, RI



On Golden Pond?

Early fall on Star Pond in New Hampshire's White Mountains, and time to read the latest issue!

Alicia Moore, Ipswich, MA

Your Opinions...

No Barrier Whatever

Hermann Gucinski's question, "Am I alone in dreaming of great waters while navigating my little boat across a mill pond?" brings to mind Sarah Orne Jewett's essay *River Driftwood* which begins:

"At the head of tide-water on the river there is a dam, and above it is a large mill-pond, where most of the people who row and sail keep their boats all summer long. I like, perhaps once a year, to cruise around the shores of this pretty sheet of water; but I am always conscious of the dam above it and the dam below it, and of being confined between certain limits. I rarely go beyond a certain point on the lower or tide river, as people call it, but I always have the feeling that I can go to Europe, if I like, or anywhere on the high seas; and when I unfasten the boat there is no dam or harbor bar, or any barrier whatever between this and all foreign ports."

Jewett was a popular 19th century writer from South Berwick, Maine, and the tide water of which she writes is the Salmon Falls River, the upper reaches of the Piscataqua.

Kinley Gregg, York, ME

Reliving the Past

Having read Peter Spectre's quotes of you in the September/October issue of WoodenBoat ("Not having lived the life how can we really expect to re-enact it?") I am compelled to send you my viewpoint on

the subject of reliving the past on replica historic ships that I expressed in an article I did for the *Plain Dealer* several years ago.

"I felt a link with the sailors of a hundred years ago as we hand hauled the ship's lines, scrubbed the decks and lived elbow to elbow with our mates. One night at the wheel, when I thought of the men who spent their lives aboard schooners and clippers, I couldn't escape the idea of being a seagoing dilettante: No matter how rigorous life might be on the *Californian*, this was a vacation; I knew I wouldn't be spending the rest of my days here.

I smiled as I wondered what the old grizzled seamen would think of someone

paying to be a crew member.

I was sure they'd be jealous of the Californian's gear: Running fresh water and salt water, electric lights, food freezer, and a wall of electronics; VHF and shortwave radios, Loran, radar, even satellite navigation, and yes, a weather fax machine."

I would hope the article reassures you that just because we cannot live in days far removed does not prevent us from appreciating the rigors. Fore, better to taste a mere sip than never to know such vintage existed.

Richard Ellers, Warren, OH

About Those Large Windows

I greatly enjoyed the many interesting details of Phil Bolger's 20' ocean crossing boat, Col. H.G. Hasler in the August 15th issue, but one feature of the design seems doubtful. Since a rollover seems to be anticipated (as the rollover protected ventilation suggests), and since such a heavy boat would sink quickly if flooded, then I wonder about those large windows with their slender supporting frames. Unless the glass or Lexan

was extremely thick with some heavy interior cross bracing, wouldn't the windows. when rolled under, collapse inward under water pressure so the boat would fill and sink almost instantly? Jester and other small ocean cruisers I've seen have small and stout ports and very few of them.

Or is there now some way to make really strong large windows without needing bathyscaphic glass thickness? That would be wonderful if it were so, since Jester and its ilk do appear to have dark, claustrophobic interiors that must take a psychological toll during long, stormy, offshore passages, as Bolger suggests.

Jim Clark, Oxford, OH.

Your Needs...

Lone Star Info

Recently I acquired, for next to nothing, an old 16' fiberglass Chrysler Lone Star, which I am beginning to restore. However, I have no manual or other information on the boat. Can anyone tell me how to obtain that information? I'm particularly interested in her weight, because she needs a new trailer to pull her.

Geoffrey S. Becker, 3 Vallingby Cir., Rockville, MD 20850

OTCA Dilemma

I am rebuilding a 1940 18' Old Town OTCA sailing canoe, and like most older wood/canvas canoes, the stems and deck ends are shot to the point of being unrecognizeable. If any reader has worked on one and can come up with a sketch of the stem/deck/inwale connection, I would really appreciate the help. Also the leeboards seem to be homemade and may not be original. A sketch of one, or dimensions, would be helpful.

Old Town, short of offering to rebuild

the boat, was no help at all.

Nick Tragakes, 9 Shore Ln., Westbrook, CT 06498, (860) 669-2647.

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This Magazine...

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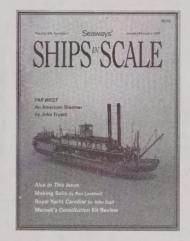
During my camping vacation in Alaska on the Kenai Peninsula during the latter part of August my wife and I had left our camp site on the south end of Kenai Lake and driven into Seward for some errands. While walking around town in the rain, I noticed the local library had advertised a book sale. Aside from piddling with small boats, nothing beats browsing among old books on

My wife spotted a very large collection of Messing About in Boats on a table at the bargain price of 5 cents each. I scooped them all up and started reading them back in camp. The issues spanned the years 1992 through early 1996, with a few issues missing. There was quite a bit of fine reading for rainy afternoons. Although not every issue contained articles or letters I was interested in, there were enough nuggets and gems to keep the pages turning. These naturally encouraged my interest in obtaining a subscription for myself.

I would like to thank John Osenga of Seward for donating his accumulation of Messing About in Boats to the library sale. The issues have found a home.

Thomas Crooks, Albany, OR

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Emily Joan, Peapod, and Audrey E. approaching China Camp, San Pablo Bay.

Cruise of the Small Craft San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park's Class of '97

By Bill Stoye

The gates swing open, allowing us to drive onto Hyde St. Pier, home of San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park. Arrow is on the roof rack, chomping at the bit to go cruising. She's never been across San Francisco Bay, San Pablo Bay, through Carquinez Strait, nor up the Sacramento river to Montezuma Slough. From Montezuma Slough to Suisun City, via Cutoff Slough, she knows the way, having gone the opposite direction last year.

It's Sunday, June 15, 1997. For the third year in a row the S.F.M.N.H.P. (it's a mouthful) has sponsored a cruise for traditional small craft into the Delta. This cruise will finish where we started from last year.

Having stood on its shore, looking across, I've dreamt about rowing up San Francisco Bay, but I wouldn't take it on by myself. San Francisco Bay can be as snotty as any body of water on just the average summer day. The area between Angel Island and Alcatraz Island is known as "The Slot," that's not for no reason.

It's early but that's OK, the only thing I want to do this week is relax. I no longer enjoy playing catch up. As other boats arrive, they're put on the beach, ready for tomorrow's start

Finally, all those who need to have their vehicles in Suisun City take off and the drivers are returned in the park's van. This is a handy arrangement. On the ride back to the city, Cricket Evans realizes she is too sick to carry on with the cruise. Dropped off at the BART station, she heads home. Knowing how much she looks forward to this cruise, it's tough watching her walk off.

At the pier, a handful of us decide we can't hold out for the evening BBQ and walk off looking for a late lunch. Clam chowder

arrives in a bowl cut out of a loaf of sour dough bread.

There has been some concern about the wind coming from the "wrong" direction, more northerly than the norm and earlier than usual. You just never know! The ranks have swelled with most of those who need to be here, and Dan Drath starts flippin' burgers on the grill.

After dinner it's time to hunt down sleeping accommodations. The cook's bunk is empty on Hercules. Hercules is a ocean-going steam tug (triple expansion, reciprocating), built on the east coast and brought to San Francisco via Cape Horn. My imagination's not so good that I have any idea what that must have been like. She's big but..... Others are sleeping on C.A. Thayer, a wooden three-mast schooner that hauled lumber along the coast and Balcalutha, a iron plate, full-rigged ship. This is a unique experience. Sleeping accommodations taken care of, in the Small Craft Boat Shop Margie Purser is giving a history talk on the early land developers in the Delta region. Hype is not new.

Steve Canright gives a slide presentation on craft that plied the Delta waters prior to the land transportation that eventually put them out of business. Great old photos, from hay scows to large passenger paddle wheelers.

John Muir puts on a slide presentation of his archeology visit/work in the Spice Islands. John took advantage of a unique opportunity to build a dugout canoe, tutored by the most highly regarded builder on the island, and becomes friends with the builder. I'm in awe! The canoe's lines are unbelievably elegant; however, this boat is the definition of tender. The islanders use them for fishing, their livelihood.

Franceschi's Restaurant opens early for

us Monday morning and sells a lot of Fisherman's Breakfasts.

On the beach boats are being readied and gear stowed. John De Lapp says "Pete Evans is underway." I panic, "Can't let Pete get away without me!" I hurriedly launch Arrow, leaving my drinking water onboard Alma. Arrow is Mike Fitz's boat, a 15-foot rowing dory built by Mike on Bill Grunwald's molds in his shop, Aeolus Boats of Davenport.

Alma will be our "mother ship" for the week. Meals and sleeping on deck, gear stowage in her hold. She's one of a kind, a 106-year-old hay scow schooner, an old work boat.

Rowing past swimmers wearing red swim caps (members of the Dolphin and South End Swim Clubs) out the entrance of Marine Park, I hear Pete's Royal Polynesian Conch (famous for being used during heavy fog and other celebrations) announcing the start of our cruise. A bit of a breeze, mild chop conditions are just fine. Sam Johnson, first underway, is to the east in Agassiz, a Jamestown lobster boat that is an early cat boat design, built to Mystic Seaport plans by Sam. Traditional lapstrake construction and very pretty. Sam brought Agassiz down from Oregon for this event.

Setting a course for the east side of Alcatraz Island, using San Francisco Streets as range markers, I become aware of how serene the city looks shrouded over by the morning marine layer. I'm not a fan of cities, it takes an event such as this to get me to go there. From this distance, you can't see the problems and turmoil, nor hear the noise.

Halfway to Alcatraz Island, I can recognize the boats sailing out. The *Peapod*, with John De Lapp and crew Jim Lawson, the Ballast Boys (too many Fisherman's Breakfasts). John designed and built the *Peapod* with this

event in mind.

The Saint Lawrence River skiff is underway. Don Rich's boat, built by Aeolus Boats of Davenport, sports a cat vawl rig. Sherl Speck is crewing and will relinquish her oars to Linda, Don's sister, before the end of the week. Sails are stowed, they opt to row.

The Audrey E. is also underway, power sailing, that is. Pete's at the oars while the sails are up. Audrey E. is an 18-foot Banks dory built by Aeolus Boats of Davenport. Bill Grunwald's boats are well represented. Craig Gilmore is Pete's dorymate. Not quite as cute as Cricket but, as Pete says, "is nonetheless a good dorymate.'

A friend at work tells me "Bill, expect nothing." I certainly didn't expect these favorable conditions on the Bay. Just enough of a chop to let you know you're on the water, and the current in our favor, carrying us along.

Blunt Point, Angel Island, wanting to hug the shore, current is no longer favorable. Working my way out to the channel to catch the free ride, a ship appears. "Just keep sight of one side or the other, it'll miss." It does.

Dan Drath is on the beach, "He's OK, just setting up his sail rig." Dan is using Emily Joan, the 15-foot Acorn skiff he built to Ian Oughtred's design. Dan lavishes great care on the skiff, bright finished, she is a deserving

The thought of leaving my water bottle on Alma has been nagging at me. Seeing John Muir in the Boston Whaler chase boat, I hail him down, waving my oar. John gives me his water. I'm embarrassed!

It's very noticeable; the sailboats accel-

erate as they get out from the blanket of Angel Island, hitting Raccoon Strait.

Bluff Point, Tiberon Peninsula, more sailboats in sight. Can make out the dipping lug sail of the fellucca, Nuovo Mondo, crewing are Steve Canright, David Canright, and Francisco Hernandez. I think you have to know what you're doing to operate that rig. They're

storming along.

Red Rock "wouldn't want to fight this current." Bill Doll comes alongside in another Boston Whaler chase boat, carrying a TV crew, taking videos, and doing interviews underway.

"Just keep pulling."

Richmond-San Rafel Bridge, the wind dies off. Just enough wind to fill the sails and keep the boats moving. Skies have opened up, some clouds hang around the top of Mt.

Tamalpias. Pretty morning.

Under the bridge, car tires are noisy. Beyond the bridge, two rocks, The Brothers, one with a light house, now a bed-and-breakfast, is a striking landmark. Want to go around the inside of The Brothers to ride the swift current that presides there. Decide against, that would make it a tough row to our first destination, China Camp.

Just past two slightly smaller rocks, The Sisters, off of Pt. San Pedro, the Peapod, Audrey E, Emily Joan, and Arrow converge together. Just milling around someone asks, "What do we do now? It's only 10:00 AM!" We continue onto the beach where Titmouse has already landed. Titmouse is Ian Hall's Capri 14. Jan's dad, Bob, is crew.

Helping and greeting the other boaters as they arrive at the beach helps pass the morning. Agassiz comes in. Frank Hefley beaches. The Frank Hefley is a 18-foot Good Little skiff designed by Pete Culler. Built by its namesake and donated to the museum by his widow.

Sierra arrives with crew Kelley Donahoe and Julie Arlinghouse. Sierra is another Pete Culler design, Sailor's Friend, a traditional wherry, clipperized. She was donated to the museum by Jim Crocket of Fresno, a fellow T.S.C.A. member.

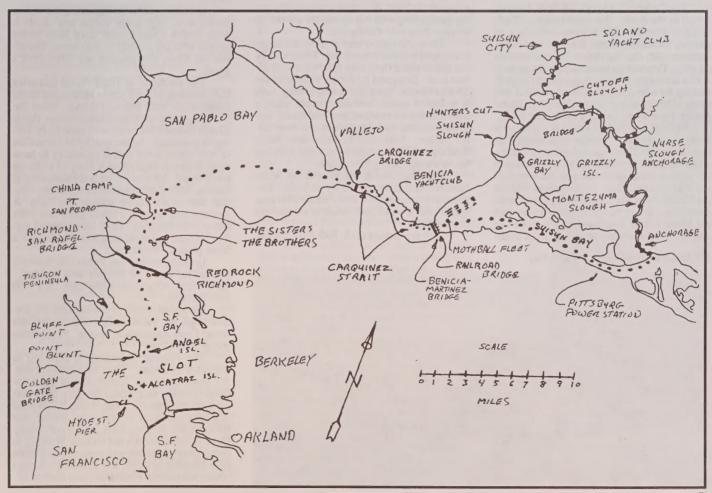
The Walker dinghy, built in England and crewed by Gary Atcheson and Daphne Lagios glides onto the beach. Traditional lapstrake construction, about twelve feet long, it is a very able boat and full bowed, looks jaunty. Maybe not so fast due to its length, it can carry some

Mark Johnson and Heather Walek arrive in Otto. The Whitehall pulling boat designed by John Gardner is a 17-footer of traditional lapstrake construction. Mark and Heather, down from Seattle, were on last year's cruise, bumming rides where ever they could find them. They'll have Otto in their charge for the week.

The museum small craft are looking spiffy. Museum volunteers lavished TLC on them this past winter. It shows.

China Camp is kind of an unusual setting for the Bay area. It has a beach, however stony, picnic tables, rest rooms, outdoor shower, a pier, and the remains of a Chinese fishing community. Houses, fish/shrimp processing buildings and equipment have become a quaint museum. It may be a nice destination for weekend boaters on the bay.

Junk food finds its way onto a picnic table





Mother ship Alma and "baby ships" at China Camp pier.

and those attracted are fished in.

At the pier more boats are arriving. Alma arrives, wiping out a boarding ladder attached to the dock. Just a slight miscalculation with 40 tons works wonders on a four by four. Alma

didn't feel a thing.

The Dolphin Rowing Club boat, Lawley, is tied to the dock. Her commanding officer is Zack Stewart. He'll have a rotation of people, including Scott Stewart and Anne Sommerville, sharing stoker and quartermaster duty. Two sliding seats and a helm person. A nice arrangement as rowers can take a spell. making for a long ranger. Carvel planked, this is an older boat and a number of replaced planks are obvious through the bright finish.

In the lee of Pt. San Pedro is a craft with a single square sail. A most unusual sight. This turns out to be a Norwegian sixareen (six oars), 23 feet long. Very traditional in its Norwegian heritage, a direct descendant of the noteworthy Viking ships. Rein, built in about 1905 as the Viking ships were, lapstrake, grown knees, rivets, etc. It can be sailed, rowed (the oars are about a mile long) and, when times are desperate, an outboard motor (ugh) is avail-

Bill Stoye in Arrow, in San Pablo Bay.

able. There's a whole family on it. Olef, Mona, Tormod (13), Hakon (10), and Einar Engvig (9), listed in order of height. Mona, just prior to arriving at the Hyde St. pier, received her doctorate degree from Stanford University. Raising three sons, how does someone do that? And then celebrates by going gunkholing with her family for a week, in an open boat yet! Go figure.

The anchorage is very shallow, the larger boats need to moor a ways out. There's Sally, she draws about three feet, not much for a 25foot boat. Designed by Albert Strange as the 23-foot Wenda. Stretched during lofting, Sally is a double ended keel/centerboard yawl, a combination of modern and traditional lapstrake construction. Very pretty and even better sailer. Onboard is Jake and Sally Roulstone. Having spent six years building her, it's tough to pry Jake away.

The Buff Duck, skippered by Mike

Jablonowski, is one of the chase boats. Donated to the museum, a Navy whale boat converted with a small pilot house is moored out beyond Sally.

With the deepest draft, Bull Frog, the far-



thest out, is a William Garden 36-footer(LOA). double ended, seaworthy, salty, has a fresh coat of white paint. Looking less dowdy than with the previous mint green she sported. Jamie White is the captain with crew Rich Pekelney.

Boats pulled upon the beach, junk food eaten, looking for something to do, Craig bums a ride into town. Jim mentions he'd like a good cup of coffee. Francisco, Jim, John, myself, and Ian take the park van into town and have a good cup of coffee. Ian's looking for an apple.

We are returning to camp without an apple!? Trader Joe's wouldn't sell Ian one apple, nor would anyone else in the shopping

center.

Dan Drath is back at the grill flippin' chicken parts for dinner. A good meal topped with Kiwi cream pie. Kelley shows off her designer pie carrier, built for use onboard Alma. Sort of bulletproof, but it may need about four padlocks.

Most of the boats have been moved off the beach, moored out or tied to the dock. With Alma as the focal point, the warm glow of the evening sun on the small craft looks calm and peaceful. There is more to our small craft than just operating a boat. No two boats are alike. Well, maybe the Acorn skiff and the Whitehall, but their construction is so different, I'll not call them alike.

The TV crew has gone home, people are wandering off to tent city at the south end of the beach, sleeping bags are laid out on Alma's deck, Jim finds a spot in the museum among the fish processing machinery. Not having that atmosphere in Campbell, I roll out my bag and listen...

Breaking out his backpacking stove, Jim brews some high grade coffee and shares it with others. Some may have been street people who got a whiff of it in town. Breakfast on Alma, the peaches are killer (that's

good).

The elections in Third World countries have nothing on the favorite banana nut bread competition held onboard Alma. From the lobbying to the stuffing of ballot boxes, this is a hotly competitive event with each entry having its partisans. As the quality of the entries is very close, some find it necessary to have more than one taste of each entry to make up one's mind. After counting and recounting of ballots, Sally Roulstone is the deserving winner. She wins a trophy designed by Kelly. A wooden row boat in a small glass ball (tree ornament?) hanging from a carved wood yellow banana, mounted on a wood base with a brass plaque. Very clever.

Looking across San Pablo Bay towards Carquinez Strait, "it doesn't look too bad," some wind, occasional white caps. It's 7:00

AM Tuesday.

Stow gear, move Arrow down to the waters edge, set yacht ensign and Traditional Small Craft Association burgee. Flags make

things look alive.

The Peapod, underway, is crabbing to maintain its course. Must be the flood tide. It's about 8:00 AM, launch Arrow, get comfortable in the seat, start rowing, a little stiff from the previous day, "take it easy." The wind is a little southerly, a freshening breeze, and the current is flowing north, across our course. Have to crab, but it's not so bad. Wanting to reduce time in the adverse current, make more of a heading towards the shipping channel where the current should be more favorable.

Emily Joan comes screaming by with Dan and Heather Mills. They'll be at the Benicia Yacht Club in nothing flat. Heather looks a little wet! We're a ways past the lee of Pt. San Pablo. It's really starting to breeze up. Wave conditions are getting serious. Can no longer head into the wind and current, but can maintain a course that'll take me direct to Carquinez Strait by doing some severe crabbing.

Sally sails by, heads into the wind. Jake furls the jib and takes in a reef. She sails by again and we take photos of each other in these lumpy conditions. Sally loves it. The Roulstones look like they're on their front

porch sipping Mint Juleps.

Would like to strike the flag and burgee to reduce windage, but don't feel it's wise

going into the ends to do so.

Nearing the middle of San Pablo Bay, conditions have worsened. I'm estimating 30 mph winds, wave height is about eye level in the trough. All I can do is pull on the right oar, slide inboard slightly for more leverage, hold the boat sideways to the wind and waves, and maintain our heading. Progress is slow. Have to keep an eye out for the bigger waves, which are in sets of three. If a big set threatens to hit broadside, backwater on the left oar and crank the bow around with the right. Constantly watching over my left shoulder is giving me a stiff neck.

Boats under sail are making great time. The St. Lawrence skiff is flat moving out. The Walker dinghy is carrying full sail. They must be getting wet! Alma had been under sail but is now dead in the water, luffed up into the wind. "What's she doin'?" Losing attention, a wave smacks the side, comes onboard soaking my left leg. Rein had been under full sail and now has a deep reef, falling way off in the process. It's just too tough to keep track of the other boats, have to keep looking over my shoulder, watching for the big sets.

Bill Doll comes by in a chase boat. He's worried! Says, "The wind must be blowing 25." He's in a powerboat, it makes a difference. "Bill I'm OK, but if I don't get there before the current changes, come back and get

me." Bill nods.

It wouldn't be so bad if the waves were at least pretty, but they look grim. Brown, disgusting brown. Wham! A wave strikes the bow spinning the boat out from under, giving me a twinge in my neck and needing to reset myself on the cushion.

It's starting to get lonely out here. I've lost sight of everyone, except on the rare occasion I can see the *Viking Ship* off the wind

to the north.

I'm pleased with Arrow, she just keeps rising to the occasion. We've only taken on maybe a inch of water, mostly splash. Judging the swirls rolling off the skeg, she's hull sailing, making sure progress in the right direction.

Continuing on this heading puts the wind and current more and more in our favor. Starting to get the boost I've been looking for, start

pulling on both oars.

The Buff Duck drops behind and keeps an eye out. John Conway is patiently at the helm, Julie Arlinghaus is on deck. Lawley is a ways off the port quarter. Rein, making better time in the improved conditions is way up ahead.

Under the Carquinez Bridge, the next mile or so is much easier, just need to avoid



Francisco Hernandez, Steve Canright, and David Canright in Nuovo Mondo, San Pablo Bay.

the fingers of ebbing current starting to form in the opposing direction. Turn inside the breakwater protecting the entrance to Benicia Yacht Harbor, out of the wind, waters flat.

Dan Drath is the welcoming committee, pointing to a place to tie up, hands me his water

jug. It's 12:45 PM.

With Lawley tied up, all the small craft are accounted for. Kelly and Julie had a tough time of it, I'm told. Sierra swamped. Unable to bail her out in the heavy conditions, Alma came to their aid and took Sierra under tow. Sierra fought the tow for awhile, finally getting under control.

Have a short rest, take a shower, go into the Benicia Yacht Club for a beverage of choice. Bill Doll buys a round for everyone! I think we've got him where we want him, indebted that no one drowned!

Dinner is served in the Benicia Yacht Club's banquet hall, gracious host, as the Club's Commodore and Vice Commodore make the rounds to each table greeting us.

make the rounds to each table greeting us.

Hearing of "two-for-one" Sundays at the local ice cream parlor, an entourage hoofs it into town. I know they served dessert at the yacht club! So?

Sally Roulstone is the only one I know that is up to dancing (she's been sipping mint juleps or something onboard her namesake all day). Lights out, mercifully, arrives.

Wednesday morning we're facing the longest stretch, distance wise. After yesterday's travail, Bill Doll has understandably asked us to stick closer together. The current should be in our favor most of the way. Montezuma Slough, our destination, may have an adverse current for about a half-mile. There is a fair breeze to help the current boost us along on the Sacramento River. This should prove to be a good day if conditions hold.

Starting out with an easy pace, using the down wind oars (the longer pair). The conditions favor sailors, so I'll not challenge them today. In company with Lawley, the Peapod is first to go by, then Emily Joan, under the Benicia Bridge and the railroad bridge, Frank

Hefley sails by. The Hefley just keeps doing her thing in a quiet stately manner. She doesn't attract a lot of attention, but the crews that sail her praise her ability. Today Rich Pekelney is crewing with Todd.

A push boat shoving a dredge up the channel towards the mothball fleet goes by. Looking each other in the eye, the captain and I nod.

Across the river from the mothball fleet the *Audrey E.* goes by. Feeling better, Cricket

Frank Hefley with Jeff Block and Rich Pekelney in the Carquinez Strait.





Rein with Francisco Hernandez, Olef Engvig, and Tormod Engvig on Suisan Bay.

has rejoined the group in Benicia but, wanting another day's rest, stays onboard *Alma*. Pete still has Craig as his Dorymate.

Titmouse, Sally, Alma, and Bullfrog take their leave. The Walker dinghy sails by and I become more impressed by this little boat's ability. The St. Lawrence Skiff with its cat yawl rig, wing and wing, steams by.

Nuovo Mondo comes by with Steve, David, and Sam Johnson for crew. A beautiful picture opportunity! Reach for the camera, wind the film, out of film! Hurriedly stow oars, rewind film, get out fresh film, start threading film into camera, oar goes overboard! Lunge for oar, kick camera across bottom of boat, fresh roll of film drops into bilge, retrieve oar, get out another roll of film, load camera, look up to take photo, the fellucca's gone! The Viking Ship comes by. Francisco

Walker dinghy with Daphne Lagios and Gary Atcheson on Suisun Bay.



calls over, "Things OK, Bill?" "Yah, just changing film."

Agassiz is coming up from behind. "What's up with all these sailboats going by? Next year I'm sailing!" Bill is at the tiller getting some well-deserved sailing in. Catboats are made for these conditions, off the wind, life's looking pretty soft.

A small square plastic jar floats by. "Where have I seen a jar like that?" John Muir comes by in a chase boat. *Emily Joan*'s sail rig is onboard. "What're ya doin' with Dan's sail rig?" "Dan went over. Would you keep an eye out for him till he dries out?" "OK." Row over to the skiff. "Dan what happened?" "Pilot error! Wrong place at the right time." He's OK, lost a pair of oar locks and it was his tallow jar I let float by.

Nearing the Pittsburg power station, *Otto* comes by with Heather and Mark lounging about in the bottom of the boat. "You two look too comfortable. Next year I'm sailing!" All I can see is teeth.

Dan gets his rig back, puts up sail, he's gone.

Now it's Sierra, "Is there no end to this procession?" Kelley and Julie are having a better day.

Half a mile or so from our anchorage, the wind and current are against us. In the lee of the shore, switch to the upwind oars (the short pair). That gives a shot in the arm, getting to *Alma* with no problem. For a 19-mile row it

was a piece of cake.

Unnoticed to those traveling overhead in aircraft and to the landlubber traveling by ground transportation, as you go up the Sacramento River, longitude 122 degrees west is crossed. To those crossing in a small craft, this is a major occurrence and is not taken lightly. Possibly not as grand a crossing as the equator, but nonetheless this has it's own significance and one's life will never be the same again. You have crossed from the Bay area into the realm of what is known as the Delta. This realm is overseen by King Mud and Queen Tule. Holding a tight rein on the

area, the King and Queen require that the new traveler goes through a rigorous indoctrination ritual and test of mettle, in keeping with tradition.

Boats are tied alongside *Alma*, those anchoring out have done so. Kelley has the galley slaves preparing evening dinner, Dan Drath is flippin' something again, others just lazing about, telling exaggerations of the days events and how exhausted they are from holding onto their tiller or main sheets.

A strange aura is permeating the late afternoon air. Those laying about appear restless, unable to nap! The energy level can be felt rising. A sight to behold, King Mud and Queen Tule have appeared on deck, rising from the deep! Their arrival announces the start of indoctrination ceremonies over which they will preside for the uninitiated travelers.

The plebes have been singled out and relegated to the starboard quarterdeck. The ceremonies are taking place forward of amidships where the King and Queen have selected those experienced explorers of the Delta who are entrusted to carry out the rituals and meter out the rigorous test of worthiness.

I would like to share the mind bending questions and various forms of humilities that the new Delta traveler, one by one, has to endure, but that would break a sacred trust. After the rite of passage, Queen Tule anoints those who endure as Tule Rat! The feeling of pride can be seen welling up in each as she does so, as they in turn join the ranks of the 'Rats before them. This group of Tule Rats can hold their heads high, there are no whiners!

The years and years of pomp and tradition make you feel kin to those who passed this way before. King Mud and Queen Tule mysteriously return to.... from wherever they came!? The Tule Rats return to shipboard life as they know it, affected.

A different clock is used on the Delta, it's a slower one that affects the pace of life (maybe the writer's mind?) and may be a good one to use wherever.

The *Hawaiian Chieftain*, a brigantine charter boat out of Sausalito, arrives at the mouth of Montezuma Slough and motors past. It's quite a sight with its square sail rig. We give three cheers.

Expecting the worst Thursday morning, the wind and current are against us. It's the shortest leg but might be a tough go. It is tough, for the first half-mile. Montezuma Slough takes a turn putting the wind on the beam, a plus for sailing and allows the rowers to get in the lee of the levies. A sky-blue morning and gentle row.

Flags flying, *Rein* is anchored at the mouth of Nurse Slough as an aid to navigation. Looks great. *Buff Duck* is marking the new anchorage. Bill is at the helm looking relaxed. Some of us raft up, looking for junk food.

The anchorage in Montezuma Slough was windy, Nurse Slough is windier with an even stronger current. Today's events will include a talk on the local duck hunting clubs after dinner, an expedition searching out the town of Nurse Landing, trying out the various boats, Pete Evans will pass out the test he promised we'd have to take, and I'm going to try and weasel out a sail on Sally.

Mark and Heather try out John's *Peapod*. A shaky start but are sailing good now. No-

ticeably more freeboard.

The Delta lends itself to getting in the water. Put on my swim suit and go forward to the port bow. Look at *Sally*, look at current, look at *Sally*, look at current??? Pete approaches, "Going in, Bill?" "Think I can make it to *Sally* Pete?" "I couldn't." That should be a clue.

Diving in, I get about one third the way. Drift back, hang onto a boat tied to our mother ship and rest. Jake ties lines onto a float and lets it drift back. "maybe I can make it now." Steadily swimming against the current making progress, also tiring steadily. Can see Jake hurriedly tying on more line. Keep going. Now I'm tired. The float's just a yard or so away, "give it another shot, pour it on!" Even with the float, need to grab the line.

Like a switch flipped, energy is gone! Roll over on my back, resigned to floating down river until I reach land or get picked up in a row boat. Ask for help as I'm floating past *Alma*, something splashes in the water near me. It's a rescue line, short by just a yard, don't think I can grab it, too tired, I try and do. Wrap the line around my thumb, dragged back like a played out fish. John Muir helps me out of the water. Capt'n Al Lutz, I think, dragged me back. I suspect Alice Watts may have been involved and I couldn't see who else. Thank you!

After resting, Mark ferries me over to Sally aboard Otto. Jake, Sally, and I go for a sail up Nurse Slough. on our return we cross wakes with Buff Duck on an expedition looking for remains of the lost town of Nurse Landing (found a brick).

Another swimmer is thrown a line. *Alma*'s crew, Wayne Brown and Alice, need the practice?

Dinner behind us, a talk is given on local history and duck hunting clubs. Pete hands out the test. There is a whole lot of looking over each other's shoulders, even though it's an open book test!

The wind continues to be relentless as it has been all week, maybe a little harder. Those sleeping onboard their boats head into a creek for protection from the wind and a good night's sleep.

"C'mon, Bill, we're shoving off." Nurse, Montezuma, Cutoff, and Suisun Sloughs to our final destination, Solano Yacht Club is today's route. Like yesterday, the morning starts with the wind on our nose. John, Jim, Dan, and I row off.

It's a short tough pull out of Nurse Slough onto Montezuma. Montezuma Slough corkscrews around to the north and then makes a wide sweeping turn to the west. This section has a bridge causing *Alma* and *Bull Frog* to go the long way around Grizzly Island. The others will pass under the bridge and then some sailors will take Hunter's Cut to Suisun Slough.

Past the bridge, I'm watching *Titmouse* maneuvering to get under. The wind is crosswise to the bridge, on their nose. On a beams reach, they run parallel to the bridge, building up as much speed as *Titmouse* is capable of, at just the right moment, luff up into the wind, carrying through under the bridge, fall off on the other side, and continue on their way. A pretty maneuver.

pretty maneuver.

We are actually sticking together as demonstrated when nature calls. The Peapod and Acorn skiff are waiting at the mouth of Cutoff Slough. It's a peaceful morning, ebbing tide, almost slack. Cutoff Slough narrows and gets



Otto with Heather Waler and Mark Johnson on Suisun Bay/Sacramento River.



Above: "Dorymate" Craig Gilmore with Pete Evans on the *Audrey E.* on Suisun Bay/Sacramento River. Below: *Hawaiian Chieftan*, *Buff Duck*, Sheryl Speck and Mike Joblonowski in the St. Lawrence skiff and *Alma* in Montezuma Slough.



very shallow. I believe that when rowing, things seem to stand out in my mind more than when I do other forms of boating. Every turn seems familiar. On Cutoff Slough there's an opportunity to make a couple of wrong choices, these stand out.

Cutoff Slough tees into Montezuma Slough, here Mark and Heather catch up. Jim and John start to put up sail, Dan as well. This is my chance to put some distance between us for the final dash to Solano Yacht Club! I know these guys, they'll do what ever it takes to leave me in their wake!

Otto pulls away, Heather and Mark are rowing doubles, Arrow does whatever she can to use the wind to her advantage. It's still piping up pretty good. When the wind is adverse, hug the lee of the shore, when it's favorable keep it off the stern quarter and try to sail the hull. Not rowing particularly hard, just as steady as I can. About half the distance to the yacht club the Peapod has made up better than half the distance between us. Titmouse is now in sight and boiling along as is Emily Joan. Otto, stopped to put up sail, has leeboard problems taking themselves out of the final dash. I know, I know, this is not a race, it's a cruise! But you don't know these guys.....or do you?

Taking a chance the wind will remain favorable the final straightway, switch to the long oars. This works, staving off the chal-

lengers to the dock. I lose track of who's second and third. When you finish first, who cares! Jim Lawson calls me some bad names I can't repeat. So much sour grapes!

Don't know how it happened, but Bob Hall is in the drink! Something about Ian turning the boat one way and he going the other. Probably just an accident, you think?

Share in Bob and Ian's pizza, others row across the way for some lunch. Boats are loaded on trailers and roof racks for the ride home. The small craft going back to Hyde St. Pier are deck loaded onboard *Alma*. Welcome showers at the yacht club. Time for some serious rehashing of the week's events.

Craig's talking about coming back next year, just for Bill Ruth's selection of high grade wines. Sam Johnson tells of going through the bridge across Montezuma Slough "like a pinball machine." Daphne mentions running aground a few times, constantly short tacking, some tacks as short as their Walker dinghy, sailing their way through Cutoff Slough. Olef and Tormond must have greased Rein's bottom, they rowed her through. Kelly and Julie have had another tough day of it. Julie on the verge of sunstroke, Kelley having a skin reaction to sunscreen lotion, become disoriented on Cutoff Slough. Unable to contact the chase boats, their portable VHF radio went south (broke), headed back to the bridge to find a land phone. Finally were met by a chase boat and towed to the club. Not much fun.

A fine steak dinner catered by Solano Yacht Club volunteers is served in the banquet room and is also where the award ceremonies are held.

After our meal, Pete Evans announces that everyone receives a passing grade and reads some of the essays, written by those who felt they needed the extra credit. Others don't need the extra credit but are just the faculty drag! As a member of the test correction committee, I now hold teachers in a new light, witnessing the various methods used by some trying to improve their grade. Those who questioned our grading policies came very close to a failing mark but cooler heads prevailed, in the spirit of things.

Bill Doll, Master of Ceremonies/Cruise Orchestrator, shifts gears when he gets the floor. Bill appears to revel in hand picking and handing out custom selected awards for each individual. It's a fun time.

The awards handed out, it's time to think about heading home. Some are sleeping here overnight and heading back to Hyde St. Pier in the morning. It'll be a tough go aboard *Alma* and the chase boats.

With new adventures to think about, I head home.

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1. Be resigned to living alone with no pets. Do not subject another creature to this type of living.



2. Forget orderliness. There is just no place to put everything.



3. Forget cleanliness. Water is for drinking and cooking.



4. Be understanding. The boat will never want to go where you want it to go.



5. Realize the weather will wait for meteorological predictions and then do what the hell it wants to do.

How to Live on a Damn Boat

(My Boat is Named Damn Boat)
By Tom



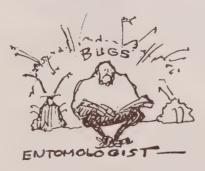
6. Because you will have a lot of leisure time be resolved to do a lot of thinking, mostly remembering all the bad things you did in your past. If you've been too bad don't go boating.



7. You will try to get another day's wear out of clothes that should have been thrown away months ago and you will not realize how bad you look ashore until a bum offers you half his sandwich.



8. You'll start smoking a pipe, filling the cabin with tobacco smoke to keep the biting bugs at bay.



9. You will cohabit with most of the 500,000 species of insect that live where you are. You will rapidly become an entomologist in order to identify the hostiles.



- 10. If you do not have headroom on your boat you'll go back to walking on all fours.
- 11. You'll give up catching fish after seeing what's dumped into the ocean and how dumb wildlife is about its eating habits.



12. Getting your money out of the bank you put it in will always be a major problem. They don't want you to have it back.



13. You'll think of carrying a gun but never will. At some times you'll wish you had one, but know you'd only get into more trouble if you did.



14. You will never find the leak in your cabin top that allows water to drop on your head where you sleep and sit.



15. You will bring too many tools and too many clothes and too much food but will never find the tool you need, the clothes you want or the food you crave.



16. After enough expert weather forecasts the nauseous fear of going to sea in a boat will get stronger with age and experience. But you will go anyway beacause a boat owner is a hopeless fool.



17. You will soon see that there is no sportsmanship in a casual regatta. Handicaps are blatant lies and cheating is rampant.



18. Although you search for warmer climes you will become a solarphobic, constantly searching for shade, covering every bare part of your body at noon from the harmful UVA, RV, UVB, and TV rays.



19. You'll find nothing free at marinas. Somebody's made a business out of everything you need. Be prepared to pay.

20. The boat will never smell right.

21. There will always be an irritatingly repetitive noise whose source cannot be discovered.



22. Never mind trying to adopt a buddah attitude. Your brain is going to shrivel up like a prune, a cynical prune and everything you have to do will begin with a stream of profanities.

23. Be prepared to meet yourself in a hallucinatory moment. You're not going to like what you see. In fact you'd not want to sit down to have a drink with your miserable self.

24. You will discover how uniquely maladjusted you are living on the water for a single day, and that "survival of the fittest" is a joke.



25. You will totally rely on other boaters for help and not on the multitudinous organizations that are supported by city, state and federal government tax money. They will not tow you, sell or give out emergency equipment, registrations or licenses, aid you in any way. They will cite you for violations such as improper flag display, poor spacing on your numbers, name unreadable from a distance. In responding to an accident they will always arrive in time for it to have developed into a disaster. They will recover the bodies, buoy your sunken boat, note the extent of the oil spill and fill out reams of trivial reports of violations.

26. Realize that law enforcement can't find an aspirin without an informant. So in case of trouble have plenty of information for them.



27. Food will gradually become tasteless and odorless, stews and soups the consistency of dog food, merely fuel for the body.



28. In most cases living aboard is not a calm logical decision but a panic move by runaways and desperate people.



29. Don't tell anyone what you paid for the boat, they will only tell you where you could have gotten it for half that price.



30. Only one in a thousand is completely immune to seasickness. Expect to get sick.



31. Loose lines can tie better knots than you can.



32. Every object will always be too far away or too damn close.



100 +HK



MOTORING

33. The wind blows for only a short time during the day and usually from the wrong direction. Be prepared to motor 70% of the time with all sails set for show.

34. You will slowly lose your voice from non use. You will speak in breathy whispers when ashore. Get used to being asked. "What?"

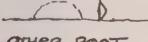


READING



MRITING

35. After rereading all the books on your boat you will start rereading the instructions on flare, fire extinguisher and ingredients on cans. This is the prelude to writing. You will write prolifically to give yourself something to read.



OTHER BOAT

36. If you sail with another boat he will quickly disappear over the horizon because this slowest mode of transportation cannot be held in check.

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37. You must be eternally vigilant, not so much of other boats, but of your own. The damn boat you're on will kill you as quickly as it can with a skull cracking jibe, an unexpected roll that will pitch you over-board, an explosion that will blow you into little pieces. It will turn turtle on a caprice or take on water from a mysterious source when you are far out at sea.

38. The engine will contract a fatal illness when you'r e in the remotest area.

39. When you leave the helm underway the boat will head for the nearest obstruc-



40. To a liveaboard the ocean is two dimensional. If you fall overboard you will find a third dimension but then you're no longer a liveaboard.



41. Living one life style, no matter how good, for too long dulls the senses, making you as insensitive as a dock crab.

42. The ocean is a third world country exploited but undeveloped. You must be self-contained and self-sufficient, carry your own food, have fuel and charged batteries. Don't drink the water. You will be required to leave frequently to replenish supplies, hide from the weather and regain a modicum of sanity. Don't drink the water.

43. Sunrise is the worst part of the day. Very few of us are cheerful risers. Noon is the most tedious. Sunset is the best. Night is

the grandest.



44. The boat will part from its anchor line when you're ashore to escape from the tyrannical S.O.B. who owns it.



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The Grenadines are one of the few places left that still hunt whales. They have some sort of international agreement that permits this since they have historically always done so and the because the whale is an important part of their culture and their

economy

The whaling season, which begins in February, is now coming to a close. The whales sought are the humpbacks that come down from northern New England and Canada to have their calves and to fatten the calves to where they are able to make the long journey back to the summer feeding grounds. During their stay here, the baby whales will gain an average of 100 pounds per day, while their mothers will lose a similar amount since they do not eat for the time that they are here. It is for this reason that the whalers try to catch whales early in the season, before they become too skinny; only two whales can be taken each year.

In order to hunt legally, the whalers must use only the traditional means of small, open sailboats and hand-thrown harpoons. This results in a very even match between whale and man; if these methods had been used by all whale fisheries, there is little doubt that the whale would not be the endangered species it is now. In the past five years, no whales have been taken.

Last year, a whale was harpooned but when it started it's run, the whalers found that the end of their 600' cable had been improperly secured and whale and line were last seen heading to Venezuela at a fast rate. Whales, being very social animals, always go to the aid of their comrades who have been harpooned and knock the iron out; so a miss like this only results in temporary pain for the whale.

There is really only one harpooner left in this country; Athneal Ollivierre, who is getting on to his 70's and has not much of a working career left. He has been trying to train new harpooners, but it is a difficult profession to gain much experience in. The life of a whaler is quite demanding as they stay out for long periods in the sun during the hunt, and must keep on to the end once a whale is harpooned.

We have had an excellent view of the whaling activity from the site where I work, since it overlooks the channel between Mustique and Bequia, where the whales are hunted. The whalers sit up on a hill here and another on Bequia; when a whale is sighted, they signal with mirrors and the hunt is on. Two 20' sailboats go out from the beach to

engage the whale.

This year, a baby whale was harpooned, but before the second iron could be driven, the mother knocked the first one out. It is common practice here to take the calf first and then take the mother when she comes to the aid of her baby. This seems cruel, but the baby will die without its mother anyway

As we were watching the drama unfolding below us, we saw a small power boat zooming back and forth between the whaleboats. At first, we thought that it was someone bringing out supplies to the men; but we soon realized that it was a GreenPeace team, out to disrupt the whaling operation. They also flew a small plane in very low, high speed passes to scare the whales and, I suppose, the whalers. Sometimes they place vibrating instruments into the water to scare

Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer



the whales away, although we couldn't tell if this device was used or not. In this case, whatever was used worked; we could see the whale at first, driving on in front of the whale boats, but soon the whale was provided a chance of escape and disappeared in the direction of Canouan to the south.

I have mixed feelings about the whaling here; when compared to the Japanese, the operation in the Grenadines is a trifling matter. The taking of a whale here results in an incredible boost to a subsistence economy, even though the products of a whale can not be sold out of the country. Still, a whale is a wonderful creature and I am somewhat loath to see any destroyed. I think that I will have to go through the whole process of the hunt, the cutting up, the distribution of the meat and experiencing the feelings of the people before I can know how I truly feel; an experience that will not likely happen this year.

For anyone who would like to read more on this unique fishery, they can obtain a book called *Blows*, *Mon*, *Blows* by Nathalie F.R. Ward and published by Gecko Productions, P.O. Box 573, Woods Hole,

MA 02543.

We have moved into a new house here; it has a spectacular view of the Mustique-Bequia channel to the north and an equally wonderful overlook of Macaroni Bay and the Atlantic Ocean to the east. The northern view includes a dozen islands, mostly uninhabited, but with Bequia and "the mainland" of St. Vincent in the background.

One late afternoon, when the low sun illuminates everything on the western shores of these islands, we saw a bit of white on the shore of Baliceaux Island. These sightings generally prove to be momentary flashes of surf on the rocks, but this one persisted and we got out the binoculars to discover that it was a boat of some kind. The boat remained

for several days and, our curiosity getting the best of us, we decided to investigate.

We set out in the Drascombe at midmorning and immediately found that the currents were running quite strongly. We had trouble just getting out of L'Ansecoy Bay and out to sea, but once this was accomplished, we found that we could make good headway around the western end of the Pillories where we would harden up the sheets and beat upwind to Baliceaux.

The wind was blowing strongly and the seas became steeper as we worked our way to the northeast. It was only about 5 miles to go from Mustique to Baliceaux, but we were in the narrow channel between the two islands where the Atlantic Ocean, unfettered since Africa, tries to squeeze in. We were just able to lay the northern end of Baliceaux and when we were on the crest of a wave we could see that the boat we sought was situated dead ahead.

As we neared the island, we could finally make out that the boat was the wreck of a small cruising sailboat. It was lying on the beach in an area that the charts show as a possible anchorage, but the seas were running to heavily for us to consider getting in any closer.

We decided to beat over to the south end of the island where the chart optimistically showed a landing. Here we saw a small fishing boat at anchor, but it was dancing and leaping at its anchor so severely that we didn't think it prudent to attempt to enter. Another pass in the rolling seas did not induce us to change our mind. We figured that, even though this island was uninhabited, if there were any survivors to the wreck, the fishermen who frequently stop there would have rendered assistance.

We decided to continue out to sea and to then have a clean, downwind run back to L'Ansecoy Bay, but when we reached the south end of Baliceaux, we were hit by a blast of wind with our sheets fastened. The boat was knocked down and filled with a hefty cargo of warm seawater before we could release the sheets.

The boat was hurriedly pumped out before a sea could break over us and make things worse. It was clear that a course in the lee of the Pillories would be more prudent and we eased sheets onto a downwind run that was made all the more interesting for the lumbering seas that came up on the stern quarter and tried to broach us. We did sail up upon a sleeping sea turtle who awakened with a start and dove beneath the waves.

At the west end of the Pillories, we turned onto the port tack and had a clean shot at the entrance to the bay and our mooring. The current had other ideas; we were swept quite rapidly along with it and so had to make tack after tack to finally get into the bay, each time amazed at how swiftly we made leeway when crossing the current.

It was with relief that we dropped the main, surfed into the bay on the crests of a few combers and swung up onto the mooring; it was the first time that we had been able to relax since our morning departure. We later found that the skin had been worn off our butts by the effort of trying to remain in the boat all day. It is clear that we will have to get better at reading the sea conditions before venturing to Baliceaux again.

(To Be Continued)

My Horrible, No Good, Stinkboat Adventure

By Mark Anderson

OK folks, I hesitate to write this as I'm sure that it'll destroy whatever reputation I might have as a sensible, sober-minded boater. Yet, 'tis the truth, and truth rules, so here goes.

The idea was to try boat camping by powerboat instead of by canoe or whatever. Among my boat toys is a 1960 lapstrake Thompson utility runabout I restored a few years ago. It's ostensibly powered by a same vintage 40hp Johnson. I've added a 1965 era 5hp Sea King (Wards) kicker motor. I've worked on both motors, but the 5hp hadn't effectively been run on a boat for over 10 years and the Johnson hadn't been used for over a year. To get the boat ready for this trip, I installed an automatic bilge pump (unfortunately the boat still leaks), an electric horn, and a speedo (boy, that was useful....not). I even brought along a spare car battery because I'm not sure the Johnson's generator works. So, this work was completed Thursday afternoon and the boat and truck were loaded with camping gear. No time to test the motors.

The planned expedition was to boat out to Piety Knob, an island in the middle of Detroit Lake, a dammed lake/reservoir in the Oregon Cascades, overlooked by snow capped Mt. Jefferson. The first omen was getting embayed behind a gas station I attempted to circumnavigate in order to approach the pumps

from the correct side.

We eventually got to the lake and launched the boat. I hooked up the fuel line and turned the key. No problem cranking, but no go. Many tries. Choke on, choke off. Different throttle settings. Different mixture settings. Occasionally it'd fire for a couple seconds and then die. Check the spark. Good! But the plugs are wet. Change the plugs. No change. I figure the carb float needle is stuck open and it's flooding, or things are plugged up with sludge or gas varnish. I try to remove the carb bowl, but that requires a stubby screwdriver in an incredibly awkward spot and my Swiss Army knife isn't up to the job

So, what about the little kicker motor? I hook up the fuel line to it and pump the bulb. Twenty or so pulls on the starter and no luck. Then I figure out that I'd disconnected the fuel line from the tank and plugged it to the motor, so the hose went from the Johnson to the Sea King. Stupid! I correct the fuel line screw-up and pull the cord twice and it breaks. I land on

my butt!

Back to the Johnson and more frustrating attempts to get the carb bowl off. I give up. Back to the Sea King, I remove the starter mechanism and manage to re-thread the starter cord. On the second pull, it starts. YEAH!!! It won't idle, but it runs, shifts, spins the prop, etc., and we want to go somewhere so we load up and head out onto the lake. The boat is loaded to the gunnels with gear (and we left most of the food and cooking utensils on shore for another trip)

All was well as my older daughter steered (using the big motor as an inefficient rudder) and I occasionally turned the kicker to keep the steering balanced. We only were going

around 5 knots with the boat, motors, fuel, people, and gear probably totaling 1500 pounds or more. We get about 90% of the way to the island, a mile or so away, when the poor old Sea King dies. It's a mysterious death, (probably varnish plugging the jets or some such) but it's really most sincerely dead.

Not much point in carrying on (not even knowing where the landing on the island is), so it's time to start propulsion system number three. The oars come out and I start rowing back to the boat ramp. 'Tis awfully slow rowing 1500 pounds of boat with a wide flat transom that's submerged six to eight inches. I figured I was making three to six inches per sec-

Then the wind picked up, practically dead on the nose. For a while I didn't seem to be making any headway. I consider taking the opportunity to fire off a Sky Blazer but figure we're in no immediate danger, so I continue rowing. The screws holding the oarlock fittings to the gunnels start backing out. Screw them in. The oars, unfortunately, were of the pinned type so couldn't be feathered. A cotter pin retaining one of the oarlock pins went missing and the oarlock pin starting backing out. Ah, I remember some scrap wire off to starboard. No wire cutter. Damn. So, it's bend the wire back and forth until it breaks off and use it for a makeshift cotter pin. Back to row-

The Blacksmith Porter comes out and is cradled between my cramped feet between sips. The crew start to sing songs, Michael Row the Boat Ashore, Row Row Row Your Boat, The Hippopotamus Song, Yes We Have No Bananas, etc. I tried to break in with Gilligan's Island, Haulin' the Bowlin', and Survivor Leave. Slow progress, and I figure that the final insult will be to be towed in by a jet ski. No such luck. I rowed 90% of the way back and it's getting dark, when finally another boat comes by and asks if we're just getting exercise or would like some help. A tow is gratefully accepted for the last 200

So, we're back to the ramp and we get the boat back onto the trailer. It doesn't seem to want to come all the way on, and stops a few inches short. Something clunks, and I pull the boat and trailer out. The trailer has broken at the rusted root of the tongue, which is now

sagging down several inches.

Limping into the state park, we take an available spot to set up camp in the dark, where I manage to fall over the same boulder TWICE! There follows a nearly sleepless night due to the highway being only 100 feet away and getting stuck with an air mattress that leaks. Friday was mostly wasted tracking down a rural welder to jury rig the trailer until I can fix it properly at home. Saturday I intended to have another go at the carburetors, but awoke to rain. So I sang Cooking In The Rain while frying potatoes, onions, and garlic in my foul weather gear, and then we packed up and came home.



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Tug-A-Lug Gets Launched

By Tony Bingelis







During my high school years I built two kayaks. One of them was covered with brown wrapping paper and varnished, the other was covered with cotton bed sheets and painted (kids didn't have money, cars, or name brand anything in those days).

anything in those days).
In those days long

In those days long past, I also built a 12-foot rowboat, even during my early formative years I was not too enthusiastic about the manual exertion necessary to propel a heavy rowboat. This aversion to manual labor led me to install a motorcycle engine (on the rear seat) fitted with a homemade propeller to propel the boat. It was marginally successful, even though at that time I didn't realize the motor would be hard to cool properly, nor that a skeg would be needed to make the rig more controllable and directionally stable.

Anyhow, I used my boats frequently as we lived on the bank of the Androscoggin River where it flowed through Lewiston, Maine, just upstream of the dam and railroad

trestle.

Excursions upriver were fun and, at times, even somewhat adventurous. For example, one excursion in my paper-covered kayak proved to be most exciting of all to this young teenager.

I landed on a small island in mid river about three miles from home and noticed a inland pond which begged to be explored.

Carrying that light kayak to the pond was no problem, and soon the boat was floating serenely on the small pond in the midst of the tree covered island.

Disaster struck when the kayak impaled itself on a submerged branch and promptly filled with water. Wading to the pond's edge in shallow water enabled me to retrieve the kayak without further damage. But alas! After the water was emptied a large gaping hole was very evident. What to do? Nobody was around and nobody was within shouting distance, and here I am three miles upstream from civilization (home).

Even in those youthful days I was a chronic builder of things and was blessed with an innovative instinct. All I had to do, I thought, was to get some pine pitch (a lot of pine trees in Maine) and stick some leaves over the hole. That nature's patch seemed to be reliable, so I trusted the kayak and myself to a return journey back downstream. The patch held and I made it back home without further excitement.

Needless to say, that paper covered kayak was quickly stripped of its fragile paper skin. I really intended to cover it with the more durable fabric. Unfortunately, none of this came to pass as I enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps and left for Panama, never to return to my wonderful boats.

Since that time, I have embarked on three aviation careers and retired from each one. Recently my physical condition deteriorated, and it was advisable to quit flying after a most pleasurable 53 years, during which I built, tested, and safely flew nine different homebuilt aircraft.

Left, from top to bottom:
Tony's wife does the honors.
A few members of the Austin Chapter of the Eperimental Aircraft Association see Tony's tug launched. Rides for all.
Tug-A-Lug backing away from the pier.

I quit flying when my flight physical expired because I did not want to fly illegally. Now what? What to do? I had to do something. I certainly didn't want to build another airplane that I would not be permitted to fly legally. The answer seemed ever so obvious. Go back to my first love, boat building and messing about in boats.

So it came to pass that I undertook the construction of my latest boat some 60 years after that kayak incident. For those of you who are not mathematical wizards, I am 76 years

old, but don't want to believe it.

Anyhow, my wife, Morine, bought the plans for a baby tugboat design called Candu E-Z. It was designed by a gent well known in boating circles known as Berk. He is the owner of Berkeley Engineering Company and shamelessly proclaims his boat company as the "home of the world famous mini tugboats."

Berk had a flying career similar to my own and had also built a dozen airplanes of his own before he had to return to his first love

for much the same reasons I did.

I really enjoyed building the mini tug, but wish I had used the very best materials rather than the lumber yard exterior fir plywood that came riddled with dozens of knots in the surface layers. All of these had to be filled before

using the plywood.

Well, in spite of that, the little 14' 3" tug turned out to be one fine boat. It has a generous 7'4" beam and 6' headroom in the wheelhouse. Its draft is only 20" in spite of a large skeg. I power my *Tug-A-Lug* with a 10 hp General Electric 36VDC electric motor. At home in my driveway, the whole rig rests on a special custom built Magnum trailer.

One fine May morning, a number of my aviation friends gathered to watch the champagne launching of the little tug for the first time. Everything worked as it should, the motor, the classical teak wood helm, forward and reverse controls, the twin trumpet 18-wheeler horn, and the ship's bell, too.

The women loved it and eagerly took a turn at the wheel. After a number of short trips around the buoys, we all repaired to a picturesque restaurant for lunch at the nearby Oyster Landing.

A most pleasurable experience for this born-again boating enthusiast, indeed.

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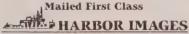
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The Latest One

By Robb White

Here is the latest one. It is a big deal, 16' x 5' (15'11'' x 60'' x 132 pounds) rowboat built for a semi-retired doctor from Savannah. He was raised around the Sea Islands over there on the coast of Georgia. He knows how to

catch shrimp with a casting net.

He is going to slip up on the shrimp with the oars and then stand up on that varnished foredeck and throw a 12-ft. (that's the radius, 60 pounds of lead) net on the shrimp. "Don't you want me to leave the varnish off so you can get a little traction?" I said. "Nope, I got this rubber welcome mat. Besides, my wife and granddaughter are going to hold the boat with those two pairs of 8-1/2-ft. oars," he re-

plied. "Yeah, right," says me.

We built the boat to have an extra full bow (this is a big man) and as long a water-line length as possible (15'9-1/2") and still be legal with only a flashlight for running lights. He specified that the boat be able to row in tandem with oars of the same length. We had to joggle the oarlock blocks a little to get the pin distance the same for both stations so the wife and granddaughter could stay synchronized while they were rowing in the dark. We also turned out the sockets to accept little replaceable PVC bushings to quiet the oars. With those, and the leathers Shaw & Tenney put on the oars, the boat is actually almost silent in

smooth water.

The space between the stern seat and the after rowing station is set up to cull the catch. The floorboards form a culling box and the bilge is smooth with oversized scupper holes in the floors of the frames. The wife and grand-daughter are going to wear special little shaded flashlights on their heads while they cull the catch so that they won't alarm the shrimp as yet uncaught. I know the whole crew (my sister taught the granddaughter in the first grade) and all of them, despite the unequal distribution of labor, are looking forward to the dark nights around the end of the month.

Shoot, I have culled shrimp in the dark myself, it is an exciting business. I wish I could go, too. When I get me some money, I am going to build me a boat just like that except that it is going to be able to sail. I am going to get Stuart Hopkins of *Dabbler Sails* to help me figure out one of those old winter-summer two

massed rigs.

Next boat (also a 16-ft. rowboat, what is it with all this exercise, I guess people don't get enough at work anymore) ain't due until September. We are going to slack off and take a little vacation. Hell, I might get my wife and granddaughter...

Robb White, Robb White & Sons, Inc., P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799.



Our Group

The Teen Luff building crew consists of a small group of home-schooled 7th grade students (all presently thirteen years old) and their parents from southeast Michigan. Ian VanderMeulen is from Ypsi-anti; John Clark from Hamburg Township (near Brighton); and Abby Boeheim from Sylvan (near Chelsea). Prior to the '96-'97 school year, all three had been class mates at the Waldorf school in Ann Arbor, Michigan. When their parents decided to give home-schooling a try, along with several other families, they created opportunities for unusual educational experiences.

The Boeheims, Clarks and Vander-Meulens had been meeting regularly with several other homeschooling families in a kind of support group for five months before I (Tom VanderMeulen, Ian's father) presented an offer to lead the middle-school aged youngsters in a boat building project. I am an avid WoodenBoat magazine reader with a passion for sailing and a few wood-working skills. I also had a plan.

Over dinner at a restaurant called Chinese Tonight, the parents agreed with great enthusiasm that the concept of education through boat-building merited further effort, and we were a team. Among the students, only Ian had had any sailing experience, and that was only as "crew" aboard our O'Day 28. So in addition to learning about painting, and rigging, opportunities for associated learning experiences continue to unfold for the whole team.

About the Design

We're building Teen Luff from a design by Ronald K. Noe of Essex Connecticut. It was published in WoodenBoat (#128, Jan/Feb 1996, pg. 81) as the third place winner in a design contest. The "Perfect Trainer" contest called for designs which could be built, and then sailed by novice crews of youngsters. A performance option allowed for longer term usefulness as the new sailors grew into experts. Plans, purchased directly from the designer, included four sheets: 1) Construction Drawing; 2) Sail Plan; 3) Lines Drawing; and 4) Table of offsets. No other specific information, such as a materials list, or building instructions were included, but Mr. Noe has been very responsive to all of our inquiries.

The Building Process

The Teen Luff building process began in the third week of February of this year with a kick-off meeting to introduce the concept to the students as a group. At that meeting, I distributed a number of WoodenBoat magazines and proposed an ultimate objective of having our boat pictured in the "Launchings" section of the magazine. As a hopefully more exciting and motivating goal, I further proposed the objective, (allowed by the support of WoodenBoat magazine), of having the boat ready for display in the 1997 Wooden Boat Show and complete the school year with a "class trip" to Mystic, Connecticut.

The first phase of the project sought to complete a half-scale model of the boat. 20

Teen Luff

A WoodenBoat Magazine "Perfect Trainer" Drawn by Ronald K Noe, and Constructed in Michigan by Home Schooled Seventh Graders.

By Tom VanderMeulen



This phase had several objectives: 1) introduce sail boat nomenclature to the group; 2) introduce blue-print reading; 3) introduce the use of hand tools; 4) begin visualization of the final product. The group pursued this phase during the following two months (March/April) in our basement. Only a set of "moulds" with chine logs was actually completed during this phase. This portion of the project also presented many opportunities for learning about non-technical matters such as the cost of quality, the phenomenon of cascading errors, the dynamics of decision making and other life skills.

The building of *Teen Luff* actually be-

The building of *Teen Luff* actually began early in May with the delivery to our garage of the first load of lumber, the construction of the ladder-frame building platform, and the "lofting" of the blocking and bulkheads. The students, and sometimes their parents, worked on the boat one or two days a week for two or three hours at a time,

on average, through May.

At that point, it became apparent that having the boat launch-ready for the show was going to be dliffficult. The students and their parents began investing more time, more frequently toward a modified goal of having a complete hull to show in Mystic. Even with the modification, the schedule proved to be too aggressive. For the show, Teen Luff's hull was basically "in the white" white, with fabric & epoxy sheathing applied.

Teen Luff: A Work in Progress

The Teen Luff building crew has continued its work into the summer with a late July launch date anticipated. Color schemes for the paint job are still being considered. Efforts to salvage rigging & sails have turned up some promising leads. Much has been accomplished in two-and-a-half months of part time effort, and much remains.

Construction Details

Wood: Teen Luff is built basically out of plywood & fir. The designer insists on the use of marine-grade plywood and either Douglas fir or mahogany blocking.

Nonetheless, we elected to use construction grade exterior plywood (B/C yellow pine for bulkheads, dagger board & rudder, & A/C fir for hull skin) and clear fir for the remainder.

Fastening: Limited stress elements were fastened with a combination of water resistant glue and stainless screws; higher stress joints were fastened with polyurethane glue and screws (topside strakes to bulkheads, chines & sheer clamps). Some high stress joints (chine logs & sheer clamps to bulkheads) are fastened with West System epoxy (West additives used for thickening as necessary) alone (bottom to bulkheads, keelson & stringers) or with epoxy and screws. The deck is held on with Marine Goop from Dap (stainless brads used to hold it in place during the cure).

Exterior; Teen Luff's exterior is sheathed in Dynel from Defender Industries, and West System Epoxy. After final epoxy coats, Teen Luff will be painted. The final selection of paint has not been made, though ease of handling, and low toxicity and volatility will be high priorities. It's important to allow the students to execute

the finishing steps.

Teen Luff Adult Leader's Statement

For these students, building a wooden sail boat has been largely an act of faith. Only one of them has any sailing experience and none of that in a small boat. Therefore, I'm extremely grateful to WoodenBoat Magazine for its help in creating an exciting objective toward which to work: The Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, Connecticut. The students will have to learn in good time what benefits and joys await them on the water, but they seem to have had little trouble imagining having a good time on a "class trip" to Mystic!

I am grateful, too, to the youngsters and their parents for their committment of time and energy. I believe, as more and more summers follow this one, that they will look back on their boat-building experience with pride and appreciation for the opportunity. But partly through their efforts, I, too have learned a great deal, and with the benefit of a bit more experience, am able to recognize now that it's been an important spring and summer for me.

Our work is not done, which only means that we have many more opportunities to learn and grow together. For home-schooled students, there's really no such thing as a summer vacation; every experience is an opportunity for learning and growth. We'll gain experience in painting and varnishing; in some finer wood working to fit out the cockpit; in the geometry of rigging; and very importantly, in the science and art of sailing.

As a project manager in information systems, one of the aspects of the process of boat construction that's interested me has been the many similarities between it and project implementation in my line of work. Projects, whether boat-building or software development, are prone to the classic mistakes of overly-optimistic scheduling, of insufficiently detailed planning, of unforseen costs and budget overruns. And, as with all projects, working with people, planning, communicat-

ing, & training, is key to success. There's no doubt in mind that I've been able to grow professionally as a result of this pro-

The parents of the builder-students report that their children seem more confident and willing and able to tackle building jobs or other tasks that they might not have before this spring. They've kindly attributed some of that growth directly to the boat-building project. Even though 13-year olds are supposed to grow up that way, and these probably would have even without this project, I'm flattered by their

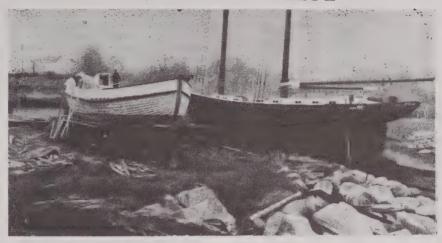
thoughts.

If you are parents or a teacher interested in pursuing a project like Teen Luff, I'd encourage you to go ahead. And I'd encourage you also, to seek out as much preplanning advice that you can on the specific vessel you intend to build. I might go so far as to say that if you're unable to find others who've built from the same set of plans that you intend to use that are willing to offer building and planning insights, you should consider changing to a different plan, or at least make sure you have a lot more time than you think you'll need to finish.

Anyone specifically interested in building a Noe 16 "Perfect Trainer" (or another boat in a similar context) may call, write or e-mail me for information about our experiences.

Tom VanderMeulen, 1219 Pearl St., Ypsilanti, MI 48197-4622; phone (313) 483-6451; fax (313) 483-3728, email: tvander@, mail. ic. net

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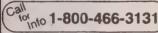
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SPOONBILL



By Conrad Natzio

"Easily identified by long, spatulate bill ... shallow, open water, reedy marshes, estuaries." A Field Guide to the Birds of Britain and Europe, Collins, London

This description applies to the boat as well as the bird. Spoonbill is my new design, primarily intended for the home builder without formal boatbuilding skills; she is built from plans, but her very straightforward construction and design features mean that she is more easily and quickly completed than many kit boats of more complex form. Initial cost is much less than that of kits, and can be spread over a period as materials are acquired as they are needed.

Spoonbill is designed as a boat to be enjoyed in several forms. Her hull is primarily intended to sail; she has neither centre-nor dagger-board, but two long 3" (75mm) bilge keels ensure performance to windward. They also give her a completely unobstructed interior. She can carry any one of various traditional, unstayed rigs; the prototype is a cat-ketch with spritboom mainsail and mizzen, giving excellent performance with easy handling. Combined sail area with this rig is 80sf (7.4sm)

When the wind drops you may row, but the transom will accept a small outboard engine. With the rig removed, the clear interior and flat floor are free to take up to four folding chairs, for gentle outings with family, or fishing tackle. An electric outboard is the most suitable means of propulsion.

An overall tent cover provides ample space for two people to sleep in comfort.

Spoonbill has a flat-botlomed hull of scow form, with easy lines for good sailing and simple building with no hard bend-



ing involved. Materials are readily available from any reputable timber merchant, who should be able to do any straightforward machining needed; the home builder will require some simple woodworking experience but no boatbuilding skills.

The basic hull structure comes out of five sheets of plywood, two of 3/8" (9mm) for the bottom and two of 1/4" (6mm) for the sides; the fifth sheet is needed for fore and after decks, web frames, etc. Frames are from 2" (51mm) x 3/4" (19mm) hard or soft wood; longitudinals (gunwales, chines, and bilge keels) from clear-grained softwood such as Columbian pine.

Construction is as simple as possible. The hull is assembled from pre-cut panels and prefabricated frames, and strength is added by the longitudinal members which are bent on from the outside. No building frame or jig is needed, flare and therefore the few necessary bevels are constant, and the sheerline comes out of a straight edge. All joints are

simply nailed or screwed and glued.

The designed hull weight of only 2441lbs (11kg) means that no building operation is beyond the strength of a single-handed builder without mechanical assistance. Time taken to build should be in the region of 150 hours from start to launching, for a lone worker; obviously, extra pairs of hands will shorten matters considerably.

If fitted with buoyancy as recommended, the completed boat should be capable of complying with the requirements of the EC Directive on Recreational Craft in Category D, that is, for use in sheltered

waters.

Dimensions: 15'10" x 5'0" x approx 8" (loaded) (4.82m x 1.52m x 0.2m)

Hull Weight (empty): 244lbs (111kg) Conrad Natzio Boatbuilder, The Old School, Brundish Road, Raveningham, Norwich NR14 6NT, United Kingdom, Tel: Raveningham (01508) 548675.





Bolger on Design Rig 13 Gunter

Any triangular sail with its upper part set on a running spar is commonly called a gunter but, strictly speaking, this would be a gaff rig if it had two halyards. The upper spar would then be a gaff, pivoted at the throat to swing out and down when the peak halyard was started.

The rig shown is supposed to be a true gunter with one halyard. The moving spar is a yard, not a gaff (it has even been called a topmast), and it always stands parallel with the mast. Here it slides up and down on a track, but it is often attached by hoops or collars around the mast. The overlapping part can be much shorter than this one, but the shorter it is, the more likely it is to bind when it ought to slide.

In a sail as small as this one, the head of the sail would be lashed or pinned at the head of the yard. To furl the sail, the yard would be lowered as far as it will go and the rig would be unstepped, mast and all. A bigger one would have a peak outhaul equivalent to a halyard,

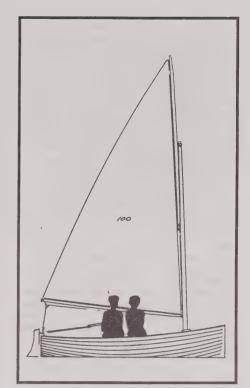
with the upper luff sliding on a track or in a slot in the yard.

The sail would be set by first hoisting it up the yard, then raising the yard itself. The luff below the yard can be held to the mast with slides to a track with hoops or a lacing, or it can be left free. If the sail is set properly, with the luff well stretched out, little or no attachment to the mast is needed. The ties to the mast are to keep the sail under control as it's

The object of a gunter rig is to set a tall sail on a short mast. It also has the useful effect of eliminating bare spar above a reefed sail. The benefits of the rig are more attractive on paper than in practice. It's prone to jams and, unless the mast and yard are proportioned better than they usually are, the sail doesn't

Unless the mast oscillates, the aerodynamics are poor around the middle and lower luff, losing some, if not all, of the gain when reefed. The yard can be arranged to swivel around the mast, but if it has enough play to do that freely, it may stand cockeyed to the line of the mast, enough to pull the sail out of shape.

It generally turns out that if something has to be done about the length of a mast, some kind of scarf joint is less trouble and more efficient all around than the gunter.





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Polytarp sails, or polysails, are a simple, inexpensive solution to the problem of getting your newly constructed sailboat onto the water quickly. Unfortunately, most would-be sail makers are forced to use sail making materials that look more at home covering farm machinery than powering a newly launched craft nimbly across the water. Using a white polysail kit and simple ten-step construction process, however, you can create a polysail that is nearly indistinguishable from traditional sails. Make your sail in the morning and be on the water by afternoon, for under \$100.

To make a white polysail, you will need your sail plan and the following materials,

space, and attitude:

White polysail material, 100' white or colored vinyl tape, grommet kit, utility knife, rope, knot tying guide, marker, and 25' steel tape measure, all available in kits of up to 555 square foot polysail material from Dave Gray at HR Solutions, 317-842-8106.

About 100' of double-faced adhesive outdoor carpet tape and some heavy weights or tent stakes, a clean, level and open work space, and an understanding that a polysail is a quick fix to get you sailing, not the ultimate expres-

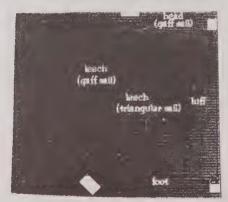
sion of the sailmaker's art.

As you make your polysail, remember that by putting curve into the side of a sail as you construct it, you create "belly" in the sail when that side of the sail is straightened under tension. The more curve, the more "belly" in that side of the sail. The vinyl tape itself contributes to the sail shape. When you apply the tape to a sail edge, you will stretch the tape slightly pulling it off the roll. As the tape returns to its natural length, it tends to shorten the material, giving you the same effect a sailmaker gets from the carefully shaped panels he or she sews together.

Like me, once you get "hooked" on polysails, you will probably build a number of "experimental" sails, improving your technique and the appearance of your finished product each time. One kit is usually enough

to construct two sails.

The following instructions are for creating a four-sided gaff-type sail for a mast without a track, but they can easily be adapted for a triangular sail or a mast with a track. The illustrations are not to scale.



Place concrete blocks on the polytarp about 6 inches beyond the corners of the sail dimensions

Step 1: Unfold the polytarp material and set concrete blocks or weights on the polytarp a few inches beyond each corner of your sail. If you can't find any weights, the polytarp can be stretched out on the ground and staked at

Making a Simple White Polysail

By Dave Gray

the edges. Stretching the polytarp in the warm sun will help remove the wrinkles and provide a better surface for laying out the sail plan. **Very lightly** mark out the dimensions of the sail on the polytarp material. Mark the luff length first (the side that is next to the mast), drawing a straight line about five inches in from the edge of the polytarp.

Note that the edges of the polytarp material are not always straight. If your unstayed mast curves, this line should follow the curvature of your mast. If you have a small, easily handled mast, lay the mast on the polytarp and mark along the inner side of the mast. If the mast is too heavy, use the steel measuring

tape to make a straight line.

Step 2: After you have lightly marked the luff measurement, lay your rope along the line you have made. (Note: Substitute larger rope, if necessary, for a mast or boom with a track.) To create "belly" in your sail, curve the rope outward one-and-a-half to two inches from the middle of the base line you drew in Step 1. For sails with a luff of over 14 feet, increase this curvature by one half-inch for each additional three feet of luff. Sight along the rope to see if you've created a "fair curve." Place the longer end of the rope under the weight at the top and the shorter end under the weight at the bottom. Do not cut the rope!

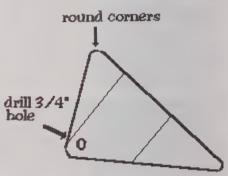
Step 3: Next, cut some 1"x 3" strips of tape from the roll of vinyl tape. Cut across the tape every one inch or so to create about 50 of these strips. Place a strip of tape lengthwise on the rope every 12 inches and tape the rope to the polytarp. After taping the luff rope down, check the dimensions of the foot, the leech, and the head if you are creating a gaff sail. A triangular sail will have only the foot and leech to lay out. Use the steel tape edge to lightly mark these dimensions on the polytarp. Warning: These guide lines could be exposed on the finished sail. Make heavy reference marks only at the sail corners.

cut line

Cut off the excess material at the cut lines. Leave flaps of material at the corners.

Step 4: Following the procedure you used to create the luff line, lay out the rope in a fair curve for the head, leech, and foot, creating a nicely curved "belly" for your sail. (Note: The leech rope can be left out if you prefer a finer edge at the leech.)

Make small loops in the rope at each corner except at the tack where the loose ends of the rope will meet. Use 1"x 3" tape strips to tape down the rope. When you are satisfied with the sail outline created by the taped-down rope, place books or other weights all around the outside of the rope. Make certain the area under the polytarp is clean. Insert the hose from a shop vacuum under the leech and blow air under the sail to_check sail shape. Adjust the rope curvature as desired for more or less "belly." Leave at least an 8"x 8" tab outside the rope at each comer and at each reef point. Then, allowing about three-quarters to one inch of extra material outside the rope, cut out the sail shape.



Example of reinforcement panel for the clew. Cut out plastic reinforcement panels for each corner. Wrap these pieces with tape.

Step 5 (optional): Before the polytarp is folded over the rope and taped, each corner can be reinforced with additional material. These pieces are not necessary for light duty sails, but are needed for heavy air and higher performance sailing. Using the utility knife provided with the kit, cut out pieces from 1/8" thick scrap plastic or some other waterproof, fairly rigid material, sand the edges smooth, and wrap the plastic with vinyl tape. Pieces of 1/8" thick sanded wood paneling will also work, but should be waterproofed. Place these pieces inside the comers and tape the rope to them. Additional reinforcement panels can be added wherever extreme stress might be placed on the sail, e.g., at reef clew and tack points.

Step 6: Smooth out all wrinkles of material along the edges of the sail. You can use a hair drier to help smooth the edges, but the polytarp material is listed as flammable, so use this procedure at your own risk!

Step 7: Next, line all the sail edges with carpet tape and remove the backing, exposing the adhesive on the "top" side. Fold the excess polytarp back over the rope and secure the material against the carpet tape. Because this step gives you the final shape of your sail, make certain that all curves are fair and the sail shape is what you expected before you tape down the overlap. Fold the tabs of material at the corners over the reinforcement panels and trim off the excess material.

Step 8: After the rope and reinforcement panels are covered, you can begin to tape the sail edges. It helps to have an assistant help you with this task. Unroll about an 18" strip of vinyl tape (adhesive side face down) from the roll and begin taping from the top of the luff. Carefully lay the tape along the edge of the sail so that about 1-3/4" of the adhesive surface of the tape extends beyond the sail

material. To avoid having this adhesive stick to something over the sail edge, place scrap polytarp under the sail edge. With the heel of your hand on the tape that has been laid, continue feeding out 18" strips of tape, allowing the tape to return to its natural length before applying it to the polytarp material.

As you apply tape to the polytarp material, smooth the tape from the center out to the edge to avoid having the tape wrinkle. Continue this procedure for the full length of the luff. Don't let the tape fold over on itself and try not to backtrack (pulling up tape that has been firmly applied already). When you have finished taping one side of the luff, roll the overlapped tape around to the reverse side of the sail and apply firmly. Repeat this procedure for the foot, leech, and head of the sail.

Step 9: To attach the sail to a mast, boom, or gaff may require that a number of grommets be placed into the tape at intervals along each side of the sail that is to be attached to a boom or mast. These grommets have other functions as well. They help hold the tape firmly in place, help hold the internal sail rope in place, and provide a means of varying the "belly" of the sail. Grommets should be spaced no more than 18" apart on a polytarp sail to avoid overstressing the material. Separate instructions for attaching the grommets to the sail are included with the grommet kit that is a part of the polysail kit. The optional comer

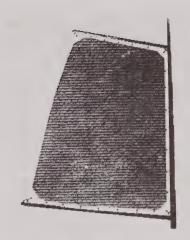
rope loops are secured to the corner grommets for added strength. Use twine or heavy fishing line to seize and lash the rope loops to the corner grommets.

Note: If time is not a factor and you want to give your finished product more durability, I recommend stitching or sewing all taped edges. Eventually, the effects of sun and water will cause tape to stiffen and lose adhesion. However, if you are eager to try out your sail, go ahead and skip this step. You can always do the stitching at a later time, or make another sail. If you do stitch up the edges, use a heavy duty needle and thread.

Lubricate the needle with Vasoline or silicon spray when sewing through tape with a sewing machine. Test sew through a double thickness of tape on a scrap piece of polytarp material until your stitches are smooth and tight. For a truly strong sail, we urge you to stitch the tape in place. It's not as hard as it might seem, and it's about the only way that

you can put in reef points in polytarp.

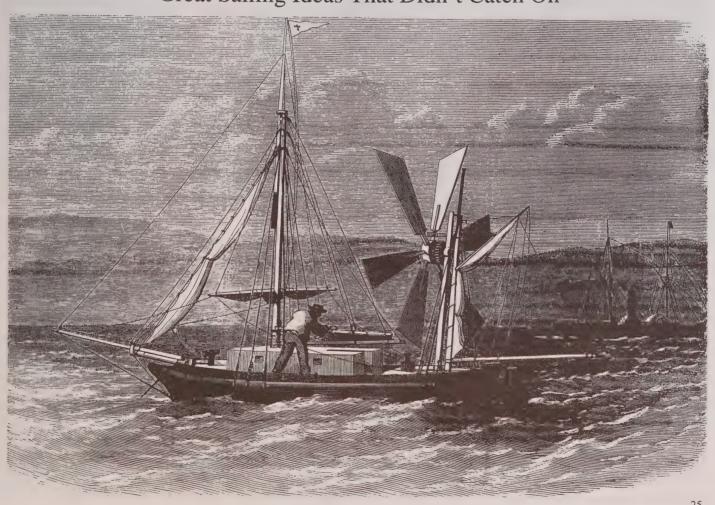
Step 10: Once the grommets are installed, you can either attach mast hoops to the sail or use spiral lacing to attach the sail to the mast. Attach the sail to the boom with the same spiral lacing technique or by individual robands attached with a clove hitch at the grommet and a square knot under the boom. (See the knot-tying guide enclosed with your poly rope.) Here's your final product.



The final product.

For questions about this kit product, or suggestions for improvements to the kit or directions, call Dave Gray at 317-842-8106 or write to HR Solutions, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038-1366.

Great Sailing Ideas That Didn't Catch On



Chapelle's designs of traditional craft frequently show "pump, P & S" indicated by small squares on the deck plan. These were the simple wooden lift pumps, one on each side so you could pump the bilge on either tack.

Harvey Garrett Smith had an article on how to build wooden pumps in his series that ran in *The Rudder* in the late 40's and early 50's. It is in his book, *The Marlinespike Sailor*, which is a compilation of that series of articles.

Through the years I have built a number of these pumps. They move a lot of even trash-filled water fast and are cheap and easy to build. Lately I switched to a space-age material that makes construction even simpler, PVC pipe. I cement a 2-inch half coupling in a hole in 4-inch thinwall DWV pipe. The half coupling is a loose fit until cemented. I use epoxy pulverized limestone putty (about 2:1 limestone:epoxy by weight). The 2-inch discharge pipe plugs into the coupling in use and comes out for stowage. (If your PVC pipe is new, epoxy may not stick well to it. Sand the surfaces to be glued and/or pass a propane torch flame over them a few times to get good adhesion.) The pump is single-action, pumping only on the upward stroke. An 18-inch stroke pumps a gallon/stroke at 100% efficiency, and the foot valve does not leak much so efficiency is high. Projecting screw heads

Simple Bilge Pumps

By Dave Carnell







in the foot valve plate give about a quarter inch clearance for the intake. I used acrylic sheet for the various plates because I had it in my scrap pile. I have used plywood, too.

The critical dimensions in designing these pumps are piston clearance, intake valve diameter, and clearance at the foot for suction. The 4-inch thinwall (DWV) PVC pipe has an I.D. of about 4.1 inches. I make the piston about 0.5 inches smaller and use a rubber lift valve about 1/8-inch larger than the pipe I.D. The plate backing up the rubber valve to keep it from collapsing is 2.85 inches in diameter. The intake valve at the bottom is 2 inches in diameter and the rubber flap valve is weighted and backed up with a disk about 2-1/4 inches in diameter.

Projecting screws in the base hold the bottom of the pump a quarter inch off whatever it is sitting on. This distance determines the minimum depth of water you can pump to. If you are pumping deeper water, the force required to lift the piston is significantly reduced if you can prop the pump somewhat further from the bottom. PVC pipe (1/2-inch) makes a good piston rod. Cement a pipe tee on the top end for a handle and cast an inch or so of the bottom solid with filled epoxy you can drill and tap to bolt the piston assembly on. Or you can use a large wood dowel for the piston rod.

For the rubber valves, material the thickness of truck inner tube (18-wheeler interstate roadkill) is ideal. If the collection hazard is too great for you, get some approximately 1/16-inch sheet rubber from your local supplier of industrial gaskets. You can also use leather, but it is biodegradable and can rot

Fasten the top and bottom plates in with three or four screws and they can be removed for cleaning. These pumps handle grass, leaves, twigs, etc. with no problem. One did get indigestion after it had picked up a few feet of 1/4-inch rope from the bilge.

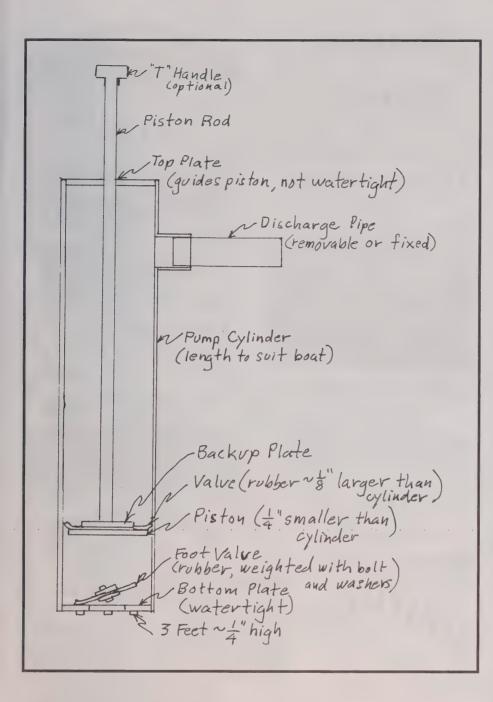
Use a large sponge to finish off the bilge water removal. For this, be sure you do not get a cellulose sponge. They rot, get slimy, and disintegrate rapidly. Get a large auto or boat sponge labeled "polyester," "polyure-thane," or simply not labeled "cellulose." These non-cellulose sponges last indefinitely. The one lying in the bilge of the prototype \$200 Sailboat is at least two years old. It has gotten a dark brown color, but shows no other degradation and is still great for sopping up bilge water.

Captions: top to bottom.

Three versions: (from left) square wooden pump, short pump with fixed discharge, long pump with removable discharge.

Pumping out the Drascombe Longboat I later sold by an ad in *MAIB*. Photographer couldn't catch it with the discharge full.

Disassembled pump: Rear, cylinder with socket discharge. Front, (from left) foot valve, piston, and piston rod, top plate.









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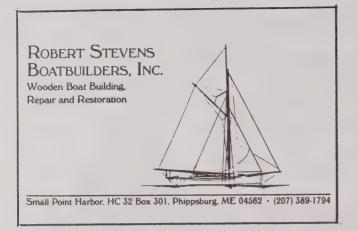
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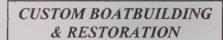




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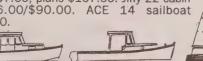
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The Whole Paddler's Catalog

Edited by Zip Kellogg 194 pp. 7-1/2 x 9 paper. 185 illustrations. ISBN 0-07-033901-5 Ragged Mountain Press. \$19.95.

Reviewed by John Quenell

Those familiar with The Whole Earth Catalog will immediately understand the idea behind The Whole Paddler's Catalog. It is a reference resource, a "database" to those of you under 40, containing information on books, magazines, newsletters, recordings, clubs, and organizations that are concerned

with paddle sports.

How might you use the catalog? Let us suppose you are interested in water-related music. The index sends you to Page 169 where you find "Watermusic: Songbooks and Recordings." Ten books are listed, of which seven are reviewed. Four recordings are listed, with specific mention of some of the songs contained in each. Part of Mason Williams' Master List of River/Water Songs and Music is printed in this section, his website address is provided for those who would like to see the whole list. Then there is a did-you-know-that squib for the trivia fans. Did you know that Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton sang "Islands in the Stream" or that the name *Bach* means "brook?" I didn't.

Although The Whole Paddler's Catalog nominally is a reference work, some will find the commentary of explorers, builders, instructors, and philosophers that runs through its pages to be at least as rewarding. None of it is dull. For instance, here is the beginning

of an essay by John Dowd:

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Amen. Control types, please take note. As a reader of *The Whole Paddler's Cata*log you are bound to find something of interest, whether or not you are looking for a particular piece of information. That is the charm of the book, one is constantly diverted by illustrations and writings concerning topics that previously may not have even been thought

Time on Ice

By Deborah Shapiro & Rolf Bjelke International Marine Publishing 277 Pages (softcover, plus 16 pages of color photos, 21 pages of appendices & glossary). \$27.95 Reviewed by Bob Hicks

This is one of those adventures afloat chronicles that is saved from being tedious by the sheer expertise of the authors, their background in long distance self reliant ocean cruising, and their dedication to their purposes.

By the time Deborah Shapiro and Rolf Bjelke sailed off on a 28,000 mile trip to winter over in Antarctica in 1989-92 they had already sailed Northern Light, their 40' steel yacht, 65,000 miles around the world, 33,000 miles arctic to antarctic, and 4,000 miles USA to Sweden.

They had also piled up a bunch of achievement awards such as covering the longest north to south distance ever achieved in a sailboat on one continuous voyage with the same crew, and first Swedish sailboat to complete a trip around the world without using either the Suez or Panama Canals. And more. They were ready.

The four year span of the Antarctic winter over involved starting out from Sweden in 1989 by sailing into the sub arctic to test the boat and its systems and subsequently wintering over in the USA, getting to Antarctica in 1990, staying there in 1991 and coming home in 1992. You can be sure there were no surprises throughout this voyage for this couple.

Some problems to be sure, but nothing they couldn't handle almost routinely. They are so expert that any aura of melodrama is absent. Whatever happened, they dealt with it. The Scanadavian phlegmatism of Rolf comes through often, Deborah is a bit more poetic perhaps but also very, very able.

What surprised me the most in the chronicle was the frequency of visitors during their year in Antarctica. During the parts of two summers they were there, one when they arrived, the other when they left, cruise ships would drop by routinely and they'd visit the skippers and feel slightly uncomfortable as the touristas ogled these weird folks who stayed here all winter in that little boat.

During the winter they were pretty much left alone, but there was a research base a few miles away on a nearby island, and radio contact worldwide dispelled any sense of being "all alone". Rolf and Deborah seemed to like being alone anyway. They skiled a lot and observed the local fauna through its seasons. No problem with the ice, once frozen into a protected bay they just sat tight.

The only real emergency was Rolf's need for a hernia operation. When his home made truss wasn't helping they did arrange to get him out to Chile for an operation and back on the cruise ships. The only hassle was almost missing his ride back and having to spend an additional month waiting for a lift while Deborah held the fort alone as winter came

In the absence of just about any situations of crisis or life threatening challenge, my interest focussed on the incredibly thorough way this couple had prepared for this outing. As the tale went on revelations of their means for dealing with difficulties as well as opportunities provided fascinating instruction on what really being prepared means.

I find it interesting also that little mention is made of how such extended cruising on so obviously costly a vessel was financed. They apparently have sold some previous tales as books but I'd guess that would not really fund this sort of expeditioning. The pressure of expenses never enters into the narrative aside from some early mild remarks about the cost of supposedly first class gear they bought only to find it defective in some way. Rolf gets a little angy about that.

There is a fairly heavy ecological message carried along as baggage, quite a lot about how already the free space of Antarctica (no nation can claim any of it as their own) is being despoiled with trash heaps and how the almost undisturbed environmental development over the millenia is now being subjected to human intrusion of sufficient scale to start to impact on the way the unique wildlife survives. Rolf has some blue sky ideas on truly altruistic ways the world could keep from despoiling this last refuge of the natural order of things, but I doubt much heed gets paid to

All in a good read, but don't expect any cliffhanger adventures, just a steady exposition of an incredibly skillful and well planned self reliant cruise to a really exotic destination by a cruising couple who really have the right stuff. But I couldn't help but think of Scott early in the century, having to get himself and the crew of his crushed in the ice vessel out of there in a small wooden whaleboat with only his skills to serve him. No cruise ships dropped by for him.

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eves, (800) 486-7862 X107 days. (12)

16' Bolger Jinni, camper/beach crusier w/6' flat floored cockpit, tent on FG hoops, lg watertight storage compartment. Sails exc, as is whole boat, oars. On trlr. Heart problems cause sale. \$550 GREG MC MILLAN, 2929 Sheridan Ave., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-5436. (12)

14'6" Gaff Rigged Leeboard Catboat, Phil Bolger "Cynthia J." featured in The Folding Schooner. Small cuddy cabin, canvas sail, w/trlr & spare. New bottom 4 yrs ago. Nds cosmetics. \$425 OBO.
RICK RAMSEY, Ft. Wayne, IN, (219) 747-2437. (12)

Folbot Cayat, decked rigid plywood paddling/sailing boat for 2, beam 38". Incl compl unused 60sf sail rig & instructions. Daggerboard box never insall ig & insuctions. Dags to deck is chalked & ugly but not peeling. \$150. Photos avail. PATRICK SMULLENS, 8 W. Montgomery St., Johnstown, NY 12095, (518) 762-2105, email:

Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. \$1,200. 14'2" Blackhawk, "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. \$1,200. 11'8" Blackhawk, "Shadow", green turquoise FG,

helmsman@klink.net (12)

white ash. \$800. 20' Old Town, Guide, '34, w/canvas, spruce gunwales. \$500. TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

Free Boat, unfinished pirogue type, 14'4" form, transom, ribs, plywood for bottom incl. ED HALL, 129 Fort Hill Rd., Standish, ME 04084, (207) 642-4791. (11)



31' Idaho, Bolger designed power sharpie. This could be one of the most efficient boats and a great cruiser. 25+mph on 25hp, 14+mph on 10hp! Blt '94, epoxy/FG coated cold molded wood. My old '64 Merc packed it in & I cannot afford to replace it. Nds motor. Incl trlr, fenders, 2 anchors, 2 6gal tanks, everything needed for camp crusing w/2 people.

BERNIE WOLFARD, 11765 SW Ebberts Ct., Beaverton, OR 97008, (503) 524-8244. (12)

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23' A.R. True Rocket CB Sloop, blt '57. Cedar on oak, bottom seams caulked w/3M5200 (no scraping or recaulking). Foredeck, cabin roof & walls FG covered. Lg cabin, huge cockpit, 8' beam. Well in stern for OB. Auto bilge pump, SS CB & pivot bolt. Main & genoa jib. Wooden mast snapped @ deck level (repairable). Stored off-season undercover on a travel trlr that is too tall to launch from. Owned since '72. Boat & trlr \$1,500. Also available Chrysler 15hp OB, '61 Evinrude 18hp OB, 8' Dyer Dhow sailing dinghy.

LESTER MOUNTAIN, 2 Pigeon Hill Ct., Rockport, MA 01966, (508) 546-2079. (11)

Payson's Gloucester Dory, plywood frames, no base, plus full sized patterns. \$50. ARMAND BOLGNA, Haverhill, MA, (508) 374-9071. (11)

Bolger/Payson Bobcat, beautifully blt, tilt trlr, sail & cockpit covers. \$1,500. MIKE SACELE, Ringoes, NJ, (908) 806-6131. (11)

29' Skipjack Sloop, shallow draft CB, 6hp auxil-RON LEWIS, St. Michaels, MD, (717) 523-8053.



27' LOD Gulfweed Ketch, designed by John Hanna '23. Blt '48-'50, LOA incl 4' bow sprit 31'x 9' beam x 4' draft, full keel, Atomic 4, slps 3-4. Cedar on white oak, new plywood/FG deck overlay. Entire boat in vy gd cond. \$6,500 OBO. Presently in the

water in Old Lyme, CT.
NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860)
267-6847 eves, (203) 946-7106 days. (12)



25' Double Ender Sailboat Kraaken, blt '47 Yugoslavia. Cedar on white oak, CB, dependable 4cyl Greymarine IB, sails well, lots of character. Lots of recent work done. On Lake Champlain. Asking

TIM CLARK, Burlington, VT, (802) 864-4454. (11)



Thomaston Galley, 15'6" rowing skiff, Phil Bolger design, fast & vy seaworthy. Mahogany sides, plywood bottom, well maintained, in gd cond. Can be rowed, sailed, motored. Basic skiff w/oars & 2 prs bronze offset oarlocks. \$400. Sail package & trlr

JOHN MC COY, New Bedford, MA, (508) 990-

16' Classic Chas. Hankins Seabright Skiff, Palmer Model 27 IB eng/tran. Trlr incl. \$3,200. Spare en-

RON LEWIS, St. Michaels, MD, (717) 523-8053. (12P)

'55 Lightning, gd cond, w/jib & main. \$750 OBO. JOHN HINCKLEY, 9 Riverside, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-7786, (12)



22' Friendship Sloop Classic, Passamaquoddy blt '68, cedar on oak. Friendship Sloop Society registered #215. \$5,750 incl large inventory. If you like classics you'll love this one. Compl specs & photos on request. If you're serious about owning a Friendship let's talk

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37



36' Wooden Ketch, classic dbl ended cruiser designed by Francis Herreshoff. Blt '66, mahogany, oak, bronze, plywood decks. Quality workmanship in vy gd cond. Wood spars, 3 sails, Yanmar diesel, complinterior, many custom details. Always stored in water. \$30,000.

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DOUG MAASS, Sleepy Hollow, NY, (914) 631-7541 before 9pm. (11)

West Wight Potter 15, w/tilt trlr. Fully battened main, orig main, jiffy reefing, boom vang, jib, genny. Oar locks & sockets, oars, 3.5hp Nissan long shaft, 2 anchors, bow pulpit & cockpit rails. \$3,500. JOHN BLAIKLOCK, Mystic, CT, (860) 536-8746. (11)

Wayfarer, one of the best camper/daysailers. 20 yr old Abbott boat. Gd cond. FG, blue deck, trlr. \$2,400. JOHN BARTLETT, London, ON, (519) 474-3948. (11)

18' Pocket Cruiser, '78 Crocker designed & blt. 2 berths, cooking & heating stove, 50hp Mercury OB, hvy tandem tilt trlr. Gd cond. \$6,000 WILLIAM MURPHY, 60 Green Rd., Kingston, NH 03848, (603) 642-7489. (11)

9' Boston Whaler Squall, sail rig, 3hp Johnson, oars, trlr. Gd shape. \$900. TOMMY MILLS, Seminole, OK, (405) 382-6204.

22' MacGregor FG Sloop, trlr, main, new jib & rigging. Ready for sailing. Draws 12" CB up, kickup rudder. Bought Cape Dory. \$1,950 OBO MICHAEL ZOLL, Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-4120.

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Alden Rowing Shell, compl. \$1,000. 16' ComPac. \$3,000. 19' ComPac, loaded. \$4,500. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01950, (508) 465-0312. (11)



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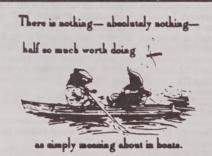
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Voyages of the Damn Foole, Tom McGrath's first "officially" published book will be on sale in book stores and gift shops that carry International Marine/Ragged Mountain Press books, by St. Patrick's Day, "if the luck of the Irish is with us", reports Tom's #1 fan and landlubbing daughter Erin. Inquiries for ordering of Voyages of the Damn Foole should be addressed to the following:

MC GRAW HILL, Inc., Customer Service Dept., P.O. Box 547, Blacklick, OH 43004. Retail customers may call 1-800-262-4729; bookstores may call

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The Wee Lassie, a quarterly newsletter devoted to the open double paddle canoe. 8 yrs of publication. \$5 for 1 yr trial subscription.

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Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue.

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Tom McGrath's Short Tales, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's by gone series of adventures with his Townie and the Damn Foole in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x 11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. ERIN RUOCCO, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

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Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, Rudder, Motor Boating; Motor Boating "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no

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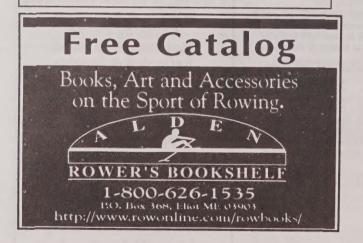
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